THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

Edited by GEORGE HARVEY

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THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW PUBLISHING CO.
FRANKLIN SQUARE NEW YORK CITY

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Contributors to the June Forum

Thomas Percival Beyer, M.A., B.S., was born near Tyrone, Pennsylvania, in 1881. He was educated at Williamsport Dickinson Seminary, at the Wesleyan University, Middletown, Connecticut, and at the University of Minnesota. He is now professor of English in Hamline University, St. Paul, Minnesota.

Percy Adams Hutchison, Ph.D., (Harvard), was born at Newton, Massachusetts, in 1875. He contributes to various periodicals, and recently edited *British Poems.*

William De Hertburn Washington was born near Richmond, Virginia. He is a civil engineer, writer and publicist. His book, *Progress and Prosperity,* attracted wide attention. He is the grandnephew of George Washington.

Percy MacKaye, the well-known dramatist, poet and lecturer, distinguished himself at Harvard and at the University of Leipzig. He is the author of numerous plays, poems and essays.

Darrell Figgis is a young Irish critic, novelist and poet. He is the author of several successful works, including *Broken Arcs,* a novel, and *The Crucibles of Time,* a volume of poetry. His poetic drama, *Queen Tara,* was recently produced in Dublin and was warmly received.

Frank Crane was born at Urbana, Illinois, in 1861. He received the degree of Ph.B. from the Illinois Wesleyan University in 1892, and the D.D. degree from the Nebraska Wesleyan University in 1894. After a ministry of twenty-five years, he resigned his pastorate at Union Church, Worcester, Massachusetts, in 1909, in order to reach a wider public through the medium of the press. It was six months before he succeeded in gaining a hearing. He was then granted a daily column in *The Chicago Evening Post,* and afterwards contributed regularly to *The Chicago Tribune, The Ladies' Home Journal,* and other papers. His editorials are now appearing in periodicals having a total circulation of over ten millions, so that he has been termed "the preacher with the largest congregation in the world." He has issued four books, *Human Confessions, Lame and Lovely, God and Democracy,* and *Business and Kingdom Come,* which have been published both here and in England.

Anna Garlin Spencer has contributed frequently to The Forum. She has had extensive educational and ministerial experience. She was ordained in 1891, but has devoted herself since 1903 to the organization and advocacy of progressive measures. Her book, *Woman's Share in Social Culture,* was recently published.

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Scudder Middleton was born in New York City in 1888. Since leaving Columbia University in 1907 he has been engaged in literary work. He has been a contributor to *The Bookman* and other publications, and is one of the authors of *The Hours of Life,* a collection of poems to be published shortly, dealing with phases of city life. He is at present connected with the Macmillan Company, of this city.

Minnie J. Reynolds is well known in connection with the cause of equal suffrage, for which she has done valuable work. In 1893—her first year of newspaper work—she was largely responsible for the piloting through the Colorado Senate of the bill for the equal suffrage referendum which secured the ballot for Colorado women. She is now legislative secretary of the New Jersey suffrage organizations, and an interesting indication of the development of public opinion is found in the progress of the New Jersey suffrage bill. Last winter, it received only three votes in the State Senate. This year (in March) it passed that body by a vote of fourteen to five. About ten years ago, Mrs. Reynolds became deeply interested in the Italian people and language, and since then she has spent a good deal of time in Italy. The material for *The Little Red Book* was gathered during one of her Italian sojourns. "It seems to me," writes the author, "to illustrate the logical outcome of over-emphasis of the child-bearing function of women."

J. S. Huxley is a grandson of the famous scientist, and seems likely to illustrate the principle of heredity.

Joseph Hergesheimer was born in Philadelphia in 1880, and spent his later boyhood painting at the Academy of Fine Arts in that city. Afterwards he went to Europe, living chiefly in Florence. He now resides in Chelsea, New Jersey.

Hermann Hagedorn was born in New York, July, 1882. He was educated at the universities of Harvard, Berlin and Columbia. From 1909-11 he was instructor in English at Harvard. He is the author of *A Troop of the Guard and Other Poems, The Woman of Corinth,* and of several plays, long and short.

Robert Shafer was born in Maryland in 1889. He graduated from Princeton in 1912, and is at present a Fellow in English in the Graduate College at Princeton.

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A PREFACE TO POLITICS

By WALTER LIPPMANN

"'A PREFACE TO POLITICS' is its own complete and sufficient justification. In many respects it is the ablest brief book of its kind published during the last ten years. It has the supreme virtue of clearness, aided by a style that is incisive and compelling. Not a few of his judgments are amazingly shrewd, amazingly sound. Mr. Lippmann has long had, as Irving Babbitt would express it, a good discipline of ideas; there are plenty of indications in this book that he is wisely submitting to a discipline of facts. We feel safe in predicting of him big things.

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THE FORUM
FOR JUNE 1913

EDUCING AND TRADUCING

Some Remarks on Education and Treason

THOMAS PERCIVAL BEYER

ENGAGED in the strenuous business of living, we have too little time to think how we ought to live. In our daily stampede from east to west, only the genius, who feels rather than reasons out his mission, can be quite sure he is travelling in the direction he desires. When a man drops out along the way to orientate himself, the lusty cavalcade sweeps on out of sight and the chagrined loiterer must then either take the dust in the beaten track, always behind the procession, or should he become convinced that his way lies not there but here, he must strike out through untrodden waste and tangled jungle with no other guide than his own puzzled compass.

So it comes about that "right" and "wrong" are emasculated words in our performance. The play is elaborated by the playwright. We take our stereotyped copy, tragedy, farce or serio-comedy as the case may be, and content ourselves with scene-shifting, choosing minor parts of our make-up, or perhaps even an alteration in the words of our rôles to relieve monotony. But that is all. What we shall do is determined; how we shall do it is intrusted partly to our discretion provided we depart not too widely from conventional acting. Thus we fill our mouths with "practicable" and "expedient," a mess of pottage for which we barter our birthright, saying "what" and "what not."

However, the desire to say "what" sometimes conquers fear, and the humble actor is emboldened to turn critic. If I may change the figure, one learns to examine the very pedestal on which he stands; he hammers the stones in the foundation of

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his creed of living, if so be there is any rotten material or false corner in its construction. Society warns him that if he tries to be a little Samson he will be buried in the ruins; but perhaps he may escape on the scaffolding. Society patronizingly urges him not to try lifting himself by his own boot-straps; but if the boots are paper-soled he may pull the bottoms out.

II

If we may believe Mark Twain's version of the early history of Eden (just as authentic as any but more piquant than Milton's), it was only a few days after creation that our first mother, pointing to an awkward self-conscious bird, said, "Adam, we will call that a dodo." The father of the race stopped scratching "with a stick in the mold" long enough to scratch his shaggy poll (or if you prefer, his "hyacinthine locks"), and ask "Why so, my dear?" Eve was puzzled, but only for a moment. "Why, because it *looks* like a dodo," said she, with a pert toss of her pretty head. It was now Adam's turn to be puzzled, but after an admiring glance cast Eve-ward he admitted that it *did* look like a dodo—and so was made the first proselyte. Happily Adam knew all of Eve's past, else he might have asked savagely how she came to be acquainted with dodoes. As it was he had no reason to trouble himself over sweet unrecorded lovers, and since he had no knowledge or convictions on the subject of dodoes, the magnetism of the reasoner was sufficient motive power for the reason.

A sort of unwitting chivalry wrought our first father's downfall; but we lack his excuse to justify our magnification of his offence. Dogma, aggression and arrogance on the one hand; ignorance, indolence and servility on the other, make the proselytizer and the proselyte.

III

Mr. G. K. Chesterton is a suggestive writer. You either agree with him heartily or differ more heartily. In telling us recently "What's Wrong with the World" he secured my enthusiastic assent until he came to education, which to him is anathema. (First he says that it is nothing, and then that it is

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treason.) He writes with fine scorn of the pedants who pretend that they can teach something they do not know, can give something they do not have. The impression one gets from Mr. Chesterton's book is that he could go out at any time on the Strand and buy a pennyworth of education—if he had something to put it in. Some of it, he would admit, might be worm-eaten and some only shells; for you must take your chances as you do with chestnuts. And of course it is just as well to know the dealer. He is even liberal enough to detect a slight quality-difference between the kind of education which the reader of *Prizy Bits* gets and that which is injected into the Rhodes scholar at three hundred pounds a year. But the notion of Educing, drawing out by suggestion powers individual to a student, is to him a joke, a pedantic hoax. A teacher must teach something; rule of three, vertical writing, shorthand, Swedish movement, aviation, anything; and to teach the rule of three he must feel confident that three times three is nine; he must be willing and anxious to suffer martyrdom in the cause of certain dogmas. In short all education is dogma; nothing but dogma educates.

A similar idea of education was advanced the other day by my little niece. Newly instructed in things academic from the viewpoint of the grades, she asked me how big my "pupils" were. When I told her they were grown-up, many of them as tall as I, she was fairly stunned, and could only exclaim, lapsing for the moment into natural grammar, "What? Don't they know nothing?" To be six feet tall and not educated was an intellectual poser to her; similarly Mr. Chesterton says there are no uneducated people in England—meaning thereby that everyone has somewhere, sometime, somehow had something beaten into his head.

This view of education is of course consistently Catholic—just as my own is as incurably Protestant. Dogma has no place in the philosophy of Protestantism, however large it has been written in her history. When Paul, the first Protestant, "conferred not with flesh and blood" after his conversion, but instead of visiting Peter and the other leaders in Jerusalem, retired into the wilderness for a season and returned to preach

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his own revelation, he created a Frankenstein philosophy that has destroyed much of his own dogma. He was sowing a magnificent seed whose virility he himself never sensed, for which reason more than for any other he was a great teacher.

IV

Paul shattered one dogma, but set up another; and the new was nearly or altogether as rigid as the old. So with Emerson, who helped to free the mind of the nineteenth century. "Insist on yourself; never imitate" was the noble lesson that he taught a slavish plagiaristic America. Thoreau took up the echo and his flute in Walden gave back "When one man honestly believes in an unpopular measure, it is already in a majority of one." From this 'tis but a shift of flat to sharp to arrive at Emerson's definition of genius: "To believe your own thought, to believe that what is true for you is true for all men—that is genius." Perhaps. But that is also the destruction of genius. Napoleon believed that and had he not so confided in his own suzerainty it might have gone otherwise with him both in his lifetime and on the page of history. He could not understand that France was not the world and that he was not all France; and his was but one of the fiascoes resulting from the failure to appreciate that all others are not flimsy reeds or bending willows. In this year of grace Mr. Roosevelt still finds it difficult to refrain from identifying his good with the good of the world. He assures us that his truth (let us be charitable and admit him honest) is our truth; that the truth of all others is falsehood. To the date of writing no man on this planet has found skill to differ from Mr. Roosevelt without incurring the brand of one of the degrees of mitigated or unmitigated mendacity.

This form of megalomania is only a result of Emerson's doctrine "carried into Africa." Insistence on self is worthy teaching, but we have learned it too well. At least we have learned the obverse; but the reverse, there's the rub. The knife cuts both ways; the hiltless dagger wounds the hand that guides it. *What of others?* When did they forfeit their Divine Right of Self-insistence? Why, when they stopped agreeing with us, of course, for then they forsook truth and gave up the trade

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of genius. We may call Emerson to our aid again, and often under the spell of his inspired sophisms we feel the ineffable glow of a valid title to greatness if we only succeed in contradicting ourselves. The number of weak-kneed, double-jointed principles that have taken refuge behind "A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds" is legion. They hide their heads behind it with the ostrich, but leave their other absurd extremities exposed to every curious eye.

To this company belongs the civilized art of proselytizing. We declare for liberty of opinion in Church and press, and then proceed to revile it when its voice is raised. We cry, "Let everyone think for himself," and straightway, twirling our thumbs and widening our phylacteries, we invoke the gods and demand a miniature facsimile of our own editorials. Despite pragmatism and the traditional notion that the truth is good, we all have a deep-seated conviction that the truth, if different from our notion of it, must be bad. We had rather trust the world to go right at our "haw" than at anyone else's "gee."

The warning of Jesus goes unheeded: "Woe unto you, hypocrites, ye compass sea and land to make one proselyte." To win a convert by educating him, by legitimate appeal to his whole mental life, is entirely laudable; but to float a proselyte over a bar of intellectual indifference or prejudice on a momentary froth of feeling, induced by the personal magnetism of Eve or Roosevelt, the religious fervor of a Moody or Mrs. Eddy, leaving him when the tide ebbs, stranded on a barren reef, empty of spiritual significance, there to struggle and flounder in helpless despair,—this, I imagine, was the object of the Master's denunciation. You may have seen the foolish, vacant, abashed look of the victim of some strolling hypnotist when the hypnotist wakes him from the trance in which he had been wildly applauding a horse-race or a baseball game or boxing an imaginary opponent around the stage. So looks the proselyte when asked for the reason for the faith within him; so no doubt looked Adam when little Cain asked him later why the bird looked like a dodo; and so look all our brother and sister dupes after the political or religious mountebank has moved on.

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Those well-grounded in philosophy will say with a superior air, "Nevertheless Emerson was right. One must accept one's own judgments before there is any possibility of reasoning." Granted. But remember the judgments of the other man. You must accept them before there is any possibility of conclusions.

V

Our senses are notorious deceivers. When the physical perceptions of a number of other people contradict or fail to confirm our own, we are led to wonder, unless we too have some form of megalomania, whether we have not been the victims of illusion. Who does not remember how the roistering doctor and his crowd of hoodlums in *Handy Andy* got the apothecary drunken, and on his awaking solemnly assured him that he was dead, killed by O'Grady's beating; that he had been revived and was only temporarily sustained by the magic of the new power of galvanism, which he had presumed to belittle on the previous evening? And when they showed him the great welts on his body, painted with boot-blacking and cabbage, the poor fellow, though sober then and feeling very painfully alive, gave himself up for dead and turned to the wall. Subtract from mankind the blind and short-sighted and astigmatic, the deaf and the hard-of-hearing, the paralytics and the quasi-paralyzed, the de-olfactoried and the de-gustatized,—and few will remain to render perfect testimony of the senses. In sense-perception then we have learned to profit by our limitations; when two or three friends assure me that what I call red is really green, I conclude I am color-blind; and when their vision outstrips mine, I have my eyes tested.

In normal life we are not supposed really to forget anything; yet we know that practically we do mislay facts so outrageously that when some one else finds them, we have difficulty in recognizing them as even casual acquaintances.

How is it in matters of taste, æsthetic, popular and moral? "De gustibus non disputandum" everyone quotes, though nobody heeds.

> **"Now who shall arbitrate?**
> **Ten men love what I hate."**

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When ten men love what I hate, I am bound, theoretically at least, to admit that the ten have the right of way in criticism. I may not believe that the mere majority is always right; in fact I may hold that the bare majority is usually wrong; still in the face of the multitudes who think Goethe a great poet, I have no business to flaunt my unsupported heresy; nor considering the all but universally distributed liking for religious ritual, should I seriously oppose my distaste. Of course I may entertain an absolutely unique position on these or on any subject, and regard with indifference the tastes of all the world; at the same time I should be all the calendared kinds of fool if I tried to substitute my vagary, my bias, my prejudice for the combined approval of mankind.

> ". . . We all surmise,
> They this thing and I that;
> Whom shall my soul believe?"

We know that we are deluded, have erroneous beliefs. We follow after false fires, will-o'-the-wisps that never come close and have no reality. We begin with a thorough persuasion of ghosts, and end sceptical even of spiritism; we begin firmly convinced of fairies, and end not so sure even of angels. Illusions, elusions, delusions; perversions of sense, memory, taste and belief;—why, it requires a very slight inductive advance to the acknowledgment that our conceptions and fundamental postulates as well, even our sacred intuitions themselves, the perception of the Kantian *Ding an sich* if there be such, may prove false. In his lecture on Immortality Professor James made a suggestive remark on the nature of the brain. He likened it to an imperfect curtain which lets Soul through in a more or less modified form; or again to a transmitting and refracting medium which admits just certain rays of the universal Soul. Even though this suppositional ocean of Soul at the background of the world from which flow and to which ebb the individual souls of men and women, may not satisfy our philosophic needs, the figure is nevertheless valuable. It is in the nature of all matter to be imperfect. Every brain has some flaw which mars and distorts what we call the axioms of thought as much as the astigmatic lens of the eye disfigures visual images.

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If we are sensible enough to recognize the disorders of a stomach that rejects as offence what others enjoy, or the defects of a crystalline lens, or the exaggerated tinglings of a raw nerve, why should we stubbornly insist that the distortions produced by another physical part, the cortex of the brain, have the peculiar approval of Providence?

VI

The bearings of all this are obvious enough, I suppose. In religion, politics and ordinary intercourse we are engaged in the work of traduction, not education; instead of teachers and learners we have evolved by our fundamental axioms of thought a world of proselytizers and proselytes. Any assumption not our own we regard as *eccentric,* and make no effort to understand it sympathetically. We play like children an eternal game of "Fox in the morning, goose and the gander," striving for a few proselytes to begin with, and when we have made them, they become "ten-fold more the children of hell than ourselves," and engage more zealously in the capture of others. We are all deaf men with big voices, but instead of getting ear-trumpets, we get megaphones, and proclaim our gospel. He who blares the loudest establishes his assumptions and fills his platform with proselytes. Occasionally there is a voice heard whose modulation and sweet reasonableness penetrates the din and brings a pause. Then happily sometimes a healthy instinct gains control, and the throng rushes to find the prophet. But alas! when they have surrounded him, their strident aggressive summons to renewed proselytism drowns the sweet voice, and dogma reigns again.

Shall this be made concrete?

The Church is a great if not *the* great offender. The Christian Church, though founded upon the tolerant gospel of Jesus, can certainly not claim exception. Even before and incessantly since Charlemagne baptized and later beheaded his five thousand converts, one method of proselytizing or another has been in vogue. As a boy of eleven I had a season of sleeplessness induced by the horrible pictures stamped upon my imagination by a minister of the gospel. It was the Last Day in the final

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conflagration of the world; and I saw myself, a little charred, blackened imp, running to and fro over the shrivelled earth, stumbling against seared, overtaken sinners and striving vainly to hide from the wrath of God. Maybe that was the only way to stop my shooting sparrows with my air-gun, or to secure an ungrumbling attendance at three Sunday services; but I still think that such usurpation of the vivid and nascent imagination of youth is no more excusable than the insidious act of the hypnotist when he captures an unwilling intellect,—and that is generally admitted vile and even declared criminal.

At a college prayer-meeting in my undergraduate days, the leader, a member of the senior class, earnestly exhorted us to protest against everything we did not agree with. It was a sin, the mark of a mental weakling or a moral coward to leave an opinion unexpressed. Mr. H. G. Wells has recently coined a word that gloriously describes this attitude of mind. Such a man is a "Godsaker." His face must be stretched into a perpetual exclamation mark. I am not sure this is one of the pleasant handles the religious service has always held out to the loquacious.

All who have been students or teachers in schools and colleges of pronounced religious bent must have remarked a striking fact. A disproportionately large number of students from orthodox Christian homes develop a flippant cynicism or even something like a small pretentious atheism. Doubtless a variety of causes enter into their composition, some of them only craving distinction; but beyond question many have been preached into scepticism; they are boyish revolts against orthodoxy. As children they have listened to cant phrases from the pulpit and in their homes, and their budding reason has often been met by an arbitrary *ne plus ultra*. Now when they get a little mixture of Hume and Darwin and Spencer,—fizz. They have found their element and they delightfully steep themselves in the narcotic fumes of doubt and destructive criticism. They are in revolt not so much against religion as against the treason of the proselytizer.

Education of the head and of the heart is the shamefully ignored need of the people. The historical manna, like current

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breakfast foods, required no cooking, but it did demand some digesting. Not so the present manna. The pastor who should lead his flock to green pastures and let them graze, does one of two things instead: he is either ultra-liberal and shocks reverence and worship by scientific sophisms and flippant freedoms; or he is ultra-conservative, and sprinkling the stale hay of worn-out creeds with a tame orthodox salt, crams it willy-nilly down the empty maws. His preaching is so often allopathic to a fault; it has a remedy for every disease—several remedies in case of failure of the first—and pays hardly any attention to constitutional peculiarities. Now the ideal preaching is osteopathic; it stimulates spiritual nerves and depends upon nature to bring about strength and vigor. In the one case it is poison fighting poison, a mixture of good and bad opinion attempting to oust a mixture of bad and good opinion. In the other case it is the normal functions seeking to reëstablish themselves and eliminate the noxious secretion which is the cause of spiritual ill-health. Such preaching will have no hypertrophied bumps and callouses of doctrine; it will come from Trinitarian or Unitarian, Protestant or Catholic, Homoousian or Homoiousian; it will go to the depths and plead for the heights of man, man as Shelley says,

> "Sceptreless, free, uncircumscribed, but man
> Equal, unclassed, tribeless and nationless,
> The king over himself, but just, gentle, wise."

There will be no harangues to prove this nor harangues to disprove that; no ghostly saints will denunciate ghastly sinners; merely this: one man will open up to others the depths of their souls, indicating how they may give an Everlasting No to the Spirit of Evil and an Everlasting Yes to the Spirit of Righteousness. Education, it will be, and not treason.

What of politics?

In the hysteria of 1912 no candidate, national, State or local, seemed bold enough to understand any of his opponents. This is to be expected in candidates, but what of the partisans? The campaign was supposed to be one of education. Aye, but whose brand of education did we shut our eyes and swallow? The

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returns, showing a very slight increase in the popular vote, over that of 1908, indicate that many simple men were so educated, i. e. bull-dozed, this way and that by every progressive candidate, that they remained on the safe side by staying at home on November 5. Campaign literature and campaign speeches have as real an educational value for the most part as the yells of rival colleges at a football game. In politics education comes nearer to treason from every point of view than in religion or anywhere else.

What of the learned world of scholars and experts? Surely among these professors of education one should expect to find the calm and honest pursuit of knowledge and wisdom. The scientist will not be dogmatic; the metaphysician will withhold judgment; the authority in any field will wait till all the returns are in. Does he? Do they? It seems absurd, but the scientist is admittedly your greatest dogmatist, and the expert, most skilled in selection of evidence in support of his hobby. Religious dogma can but declare you unsaved; how much more depressing when scientific dogma contemptuously dismisses you as uninformed, or artistic dogma as uncultured.

Turn once and for all to the vast field of human intercourse. The charge is frequently made that Americans never converse or discuss, they merely argue. Were argument what it should be, the charge would not be condemnatory, but the ordinary course of argument is something like this: unwarranted assumptions on each side neither countenanced nor noticed by the other; criminations and recriminations. Langland described it well in *The Vision of Piers Plowman*—not an American poem either, by the way:

> "'Thou liest' and 'thou liest' leapt out at once,
> And either hit the other under the cheek"——

an upper-cut, we would say. That is the natural method of argument. Everyone knows the fallacies—how to beg the question, evade the issue, shift ground and all the rest. Few distinguish the solid ground of logic from the quicksand of illogic; and even the noblesse, those who should oblige, college debaters for instance, and their coaches, use their knowledge of logic in

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steering as close to the wind as they safely can, for their aim is victory. That is, they are preparing for the tortuous law and the labyrinth of business. In America and elsewhere, most discussion is argument, most argument is war, and everyone knows what war is.

There is a trite old saying about a man convinced against his will. He remains of the same opinion still because he has not been educated, he has been betrayed. He has not been appealed to on his own grounds, but has been bullied in a strange field. His particular Divine Right has been trampled under foot by another man's, and especially if he is tarred with the same stick as Paul and the Protestants, he says with Johnny Armstrong:

> ". . . Fight on, my merry men all.
> I am a little hurt, but I am not slain.
> I will lay me down for to bleed a while,
> And then I'll arise to fight wi' you again."

When bested in argument, he is merely chagrined, not convinced; and his thought is not at all on how to profit by his new knowledge, only on how to gain skill to out-flank his conqueror.

VII

Take a salient illustration—what I believe to be the most dangerous and obstructive intolerance of our time. Certainly few fanaticisms of the Middle Ages were less intelligent.

The Christian Church is founded upon the ideal of brotherhood. The millennium toward which sincere Christians are working is a state of society where the Golden Rule of Jesus shall have become a working principle. They—or we, for I am proud to acknowledge Jesus as a vital personal ideal—hope for and profess to aim at a Utopian condition of society in which it will be possible for each actually to put the welfare of the others on a par with his own. Some few well-meaning blind folk say they are doing this now, and perhaps a negligible fraction of the salt of earth are, without making any such pretentions, actually doing it. At least I will admit the theoretical possibility of this unworldly fraction. Yet the overwhelming testimony of honest observers of life, who like to turn full-face

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to the truth, is that in a society as at present organized, saturated with individualism and goaded at all points by competition, the Golden Rule is a bit of sentimentalism impossible of fulfilment. It has no workability in trade. No man doing a live business could actually practise the Golden Rule for six months without going into bankruptcy. And while we are not all "business men," the income of every worker is so related to the pervasive genius of our time, "business," that we dare not call our souls wholly our own.

This is the situation that both laymen and clergy unite in deploring while in the same breath they assent to their bonds, hoping for release only after long ages of gradual filing. At times they appear actually contented that business abounds, since there is likely to be such a long season for grace to "much more abound." It never occurs to them that they themselves are the judges and jailers, and might accomplish their freedom in something less than a million years. So the Church: well-meaning but shackled, puzzled but submissive and inert!

Socialism also claims the ideal of brotherhood. For more than half a century this protoplasmic germ has fought its way along through and around incalculable prejudice, frothing here and there with ignorant fanaticism, unwisely and irrelevantly fuming at realities sometimes, tilting at wind-mills, performing hara-kiri out of sheer spite, committing all the absurdities to be expected of a new and vital thought let loose in the world. New, did I say? Certainly not that. The heart of socialism—I do not refer of course to the theories of Marx or Engels or the Fabians or the political party of Debs—is a simple, naïve faith in the brotherhood of man, along with a consuming passion to realize it. The socialist is a man who really believes something, and insists like a maniac on acting according to his belief. Naturally he is intolerant, for socialism is the gospel of the worker, and the worker has just begun to think. To expect that he will be restrained and temperate at all points is ridiculous. The pendulum of thought must always swing at first far past the centre. I do not here attempt to defend or even aid in establishing belief in socialism; I merely assert with little fear of

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contradiction, that socialism and the Church claim an identical purpose.

These two great movements diagnose the need of the world to the same purport, but with a fundamental difference. The Church submits; socialism revolts. The Church can see no remedy except the "wise years"; socialism is cocksure of a "very present help." Capitalism and the system of profits in competitive business is the real Devil, and like Luther they throw their inkwells at him. The socialist believes with a religious fervor that if all men were given jobs producing useful things that fill a real need, and received an equitable return in good hours, good wages, good living conditions and decent prices,—if coöperation were substituted for competition,—if, in short, the greatest good of all, instead of the greatest predatory opportunity for a few, should be the recognized object of society, all constitutional social ills would be remedied. What is more, the course of events, especially so-called progressive politics, shows substantial evidence for these optimisms. It is not too much to say that every open-minded person who has studied socialism has become a partial convert.

A simple-minded Martian who knew nothing of Earthly intolerance and proselytizing would expect to see two such forces as the Church and socialism unite for the common cause. What a deadening shock to our Martian when he discovered the actual state of affairs—the majority of organized socialists and the majority of organized Christians with drawn daggers, trying either to convert in Charlemagne style or to exterminate each other.

A short time ago a wise and honest young man who is pastor of an important church in a western city, announced that on a certain Sunday evening he would talk briefly on socialism and then throw the meeting open to discussion, each speaker to be limited to five minutes. I went to the meeting with great interest, hoping there might be a getting together. First the pastor spoke briefly and sensibly, showing general approval of the philosophy of socialism, but criticising certain vagaries associated in the popular mind with the movement. A sort of walking delegate for the local socialists sat on the edge of his seat during this

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address, and the most casual observer must have noticed that he was not attending to the words of the speaker after a certain point where he fancied he saw an opening for his own customary harangue. He merely licked his lips and waited with the least grace imaginable till the speaker neared his conclusion, when he half arose and at the last word he was in full stride for the front of the church. Without showing the slightest sense of the drift of the address that was supposed to furnish the basis of discussion, he launched into his accustomed tirade, full of the sounding cant of the street spellbinder, and of course as unconvincing to the unconvinced as the unknown tongues spoken at an old-fashioned Methodist class-meeting. The socialist had barely finished his peroration when a Single-taxer leapt to his feet and went hammer-and-tongs after the socialist because he had omitted mention of the single-tax. A parlor socialist expressed some views, a courtly churchman advocated in a gentlemanly manner the gradual redemption of the world by units,—and so it went, no single speaker paying the slightest attention to the opposing argument or the assumptions of the other men. The meeting was worse than useless, for each was merely strengthened in his position; each had made a bid for proselytes, no one had taught or learned anything.

Returning on the street-car I encountered a liberal professional man of my acquaintance who had been present, and together we deplored the obvious lack of tolerance manifest that evening. Then I mentioned particularly the imperviousness shown to the socialist. Immediately his brow clouded. The intolerance of sixteenth century Christianity leapt in his eyes and he spoke sharp as a rifle:

"Don't talk to me of socialism."

Nowhere do we find honest students of a prejudiced subject. All men of Good Will believe in brotherhood. But the Church insists on conversion, soul-regeneration, raising each brother singly,—which is sound doctrine. Change the human heart, says the Christian, and all evil will cease. Socialism insists on raising a million brothers at a time. Better the material conditions of living, render simple economic justice, and give the human hearts of the toilers a chance to expand. "Raise the individual,"

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" Raise society," cry these good men; but each thinks the other is only trying to raise the devil. The Church adores the Saviour, and socialism adores the world he came to save; neither tries to educate, each to traduce; one blatantly impeaches motives, the other eloquently deplores methods. At present, such is the bitterness of suspicion, crimination and recrimination that the judgment of Solomon seems the only solution. " Let society be cut into bits," it seems to be agreed, " and let the Church and the Socialists, aye, and the Single-taxers and the Æsthetes and the Anarchists and the New Nationalists have much joy in their respective bits."

Now the strength of the Church is world-old and the insistence on the revivifying of the individual is founded on a rock. Socialism is newer, but the insistence on the right of society to profit by the collective brawn and brain, and the validity of the claim that better things will assist to better souls, is just as strongly based. Jesus did not concern himself with economic propaganda, but when he did touch upon the economic order, as in the parable of the laborers in the vineyard, he was decidedly socialistic. Certainly were he a citizen of the United States of America to-day, we should not expect him on the evidence of his record to bestow vital attention on Tariff or Trusts or the Recall or National Prohibition before he had laid the axe at the root of the tree. The socialists think with much justice that they have found the root, the silly and iniquitous system of Business for Profits. Other reformers think the world has no business for prophets, and proceed to haggle away at limbs and branches and twigs.

When will honest socialists and honest Christians and honest men everywhere learn to recognize the Good Will * in each; cease perverting each other's doctrine and begin understanding it; quit fighting for proselytes and begin the work of education? When they do, the world must listen and agree with their joint decision.

VIII

Tolerance has always been the method of the great teachers. Socrates took men on their own premises, and led them to his

* The phrase used by H. G. Wells in *New Worlds for Old.*

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conclusions, making them feel all the while that they themselves were directing the route and determining the destination. He knew the *necessity* of being fair to the other man's assumptions and logic from the purely utilitarian standpoint of one who himself had a propagandum. He conceded a man was right in order to prove him wrong, and while in this perhaps he merely showed his shrewdness as a proselytizer, the fact that he was forced to this temporary capitulation to the other man's opinion is a striking presumption of its legitimacy.

Epictetus went further and in life and doctrine enunciated the *justice* of tolerance. Not only the MUST of tolerance, but the OUGHT. How can it be otherwise? I am one of a billion; my opinion is one of a thousand million—but a unit in the universal ballot; and so when the barbarous lash cut and maimed him, he bowed his head to the persecutor, murmuring, "It seems so to him." His stern repression of the stoic under the brutal blow and kick may appear like the extreme of Quixotic justice,—but after all, it was only simple justice.

Jesus who is called the Christ, knowing the didactic value of tolerance as well as Socrates, feeling the justice of it as well as Epictetus, more than these eternally glorifies the *beauty* of it in his "Judge not that ye be not judged," in his "Neither do I condemn thee," in his "Do unto others——" which can have but one meaning after all. And that meaning is, "*Have respect for your neighbor's opinion as ye have respect for your own.*"

In opinion there should be the survival of the fittest, but the "fittest" is not to be identified with "the strongest." The fittest will never be determined by vilification and a trial of lungs; it must grow out of a sympathetic understanding. The combined Good Will in man is stronger than aught else; it can even prevail against the gates of Hell. But it must be assembled in the light to be effective; in the twilight of mutual distrust it cannot distinguish friend from foe, and instead of marching triumphantly to the goal, fritters the time away in demanding credentials. Learners are more in demand than teachers. And as for dogma, it betrays him that gives and him that takes.

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THE SWORDLESS CHRIST

PERCY ADAMS HUTCHISON

Vicisti, Galilæe

AYE, down the years, behold, he rides,
The lowly Christ, upon an ass;
But conquering? Ten shall heed the call,
A thousand idly watch him pass:

They watch him pass, or lightly hold
In mock lip-loyalty his name:
A thousand—were they *his* to lead!
But meek, without a sword, he came.

A myriad horsemen swept the field
With Attila, the whirlwind Hun:
A myriad cannon spake for him,
The silent, dread Napoleon.

For these had ready spoil to give,
Had reeking spoil for savage hands;
Slaves, and fair wives, and pillage rare:
The wealth of cities: teeming lands.

And if the world, once drunk with blood,
Sated, has turned from arms to peace,
Man hath not lost his ancient lusts;
The weapons change; war doth not cease.

The mother in the stifling den,
The brain-dulled child beside the loom,
The hordes that swarm and toil and starve,
We laugh, and tread them to their doom.

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They shriek, and cry their prayers to Christ;
And lift wan faces, hands that bleed:
In vain they pray, for what is Christ?
A Leader—without men to lead.

Ah, piteous Christ, afar he rides;
We see him, but the face is dim:
We, that would leap at crash of drums,
Are slow to rise and follow him.

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OUR NATIONAL BANKING SYSTEM

An Ominous Situation

WILLIAM DE HERTBURN WASHINGTON

OUR modern national banking system was practically the outcome of the financial necessities of the Federal Government caused by the Civil War. It was found difficult to sell Government bonds at profitable rates by President Lincoln's Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Chase, who set about creating a market for the bonds by offering special privileges to banks organized under federal charters, permitting them to issue banknotes, only when the notes were secured by deposits of Government bonds.

THE PASSAGE OF OUR NATIONAL BANK ACT

The act of February 25, 1863, supplemented by the act of June 3, 1864, formed the basis for the national banking system we have to-day. Any national bank desiring to issue notes could deposit with the United States Treasurer United States bonds to an amount not exceeding the capital stock of the bank. It could then issue banknotes equal to 90 per cent. of the par value of the bonds deposited, and no bank could be established which did not invest one-third of its capital in bonds. This was changed in 1874 to reduce the required bond investment to 25 per cent., with a maximum money requirement of $50,000. Banknotes were taxed at the rate of 1 per cent. per annum.

It was found that the State banking system so firmly held general confidence that it was necessary to impose a tax of 10 per cent. on the face value of the notes of the State banks in circulation after July, 1866. The State banks were thus driven out of the note-issuing business. It was a very severe blow to them.

In 1864, there were 453 national banks with an aggregate capital of $70,366,000. In 1865, there were 1,014 banks with an aggregate capital of $242,000,000.

EARLY STATE BANKS

Many of the early State banks were anything but reliable or substantial institutions, and issued notes, regardless of their

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ability to pay or of any plan of redemption. They were called "wild cat" and "red dog" banks, probably as illustrative of the fact that a wild cat or red dog would have been about as good a basis for credit as the basis on which their notes were really issued. The security back of these notes was practically nothing. They were merely unindorsed promissory notes.

One has but to contrast them with the familiar banknote which is secured by United States bonds for more than its face value. The term "carpet bagger" was also originated at this period of wild-cat banking, for after some bank had issued a lot of notes, some one would put them in a carpet bag and go as far away as possible to some distant State and put these notes in circulation, in the hope that they would be a long time in reaching the home bank for redemption. Later the term "carpet bagger" was used in a far different sense.

We have four classes of banks and financial institutions. National and State banks we have touched upon. Savings banks and trust companies must next be taken up. Savings banks are institutions that receive small deposits of money and invest them for the benefit of depositors at compound interest.

SAVINGS BANKS IN THE UNITED STATES

The first Savings bank incorporated in the United States was the Provident Institution for Savings, incorporated in Boston in 1816. The oldest in New York is the Bank for Savings, incorporated in 1819. Although Savings banks are less than 100 years old in the United States, they have increased their depositors from 9,000 in 1820 to 10,010,000 in 1912. The most careful restrictions surround them. They are allowed to invest only in real estate mortgages, seasoned bonds, and underlying securities of railroads and other corporations which have had a successful career for a given number of years.

TRUST COMPANIES

Trust companies, as their name indicates, were organized principally for the purpose of the settlement of estates, and the holding in trust of funds, property and securities. They also act as trustees for borrowers and issuers of bonds. In many

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cases they cut into the business of commercial banks, and at times almost usurp their powers and functions.

FACTS TO REMEMBER ABOUT BANKS

Remember that most of the banks and banking institutions in this country are voluntary and entirely independent institutions made up of merchants, farmers, manufacturers and men in all walks of life.

Now a bank is not an uncanny, mysterious thing that can only be organized by great capitalists or controlled by them. On the contrary, in any place of under 3,000 inhabitants, any five men of reputable character may organize a national bank. They have only to make application to the Comptroller of Currency, show the necessity for a bank in that particular place, and arrange for a capital of $25,000, of which only $12,500 need be in cash. In fact they can begin with only 30 per cent. of their capital, or $7,500 paid in, but the entire amount must be paid up within six months. This is an excellent feature of our banking system, as it guarantees that the business of banking shall not be, as in some countries, a monopoly.

WHAT IS A MODERN BANK?

Let us see if we can define a bank and its intimate relation to the community. It is simply the old-fashioned woollen stocking, the chink in the wall, the hollow under the hearth, the treasure chest, in another form. Instead of being the individual, it is the community place to put money away for safe-keeping, or immediate coming, going or use.

When one considers that the bank deposits of the United States total $20,000,000,000 and that there is but $1,572,000,000 of real money or currency, i. e., cash in our banks, we have it borne in on us that each dollar has much work to do.

John Smith puts a dollar in the bank and the bank lends it to Joe Jones, who uses it to pay a debt to Smith. Smith straightway puts it in the bank and now has two dollars to his credit, although all the bank has to show is the original dollar and a promissory note signed by Joe Jones. Robert Roe then borrows the dollar and pays it to Jones to discharge a debt, and Jones

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spends it in Smith's store. Smith puts it in the bank and has three dollars to his credit.

One dollar has thus been three times in Smith's possession, twice in Jones' hands and once in Roe's, while the bank has received it three times, paid it out twice, owes Smith three dollars, and has two dollars (with interest) due from Jones and Roe. Now when Smith tries to draw out his three dollars, the bank cannot hand him the original dollar and the two promissory notes. It must have three dollars in cash to pay Smith or close its doors. Now carrying this into the field of larger transactions, let us suppose a man desires to buy a cargo of wheat or engage in some other transaction that requires a large sum of money. In the old days he would have had to go to a number of persons, getting a little from each, for the purpose of getting enough together to cover his requirements.

To-day the bank accepts deposits in large or small sums, and permits a man to withdraw all or a part of his deposits at will. Banks may be likened to the reservoir in which is stored a city's supply of water. Now instead of going to a number of men, borrowing a few dollars here and a few dollars there, one can go to the bank and by pledging the property he purchases, or other property in hand, or his credit, obtain the funds he needs to consummate his transaction.

OUR BANKS, THEIR RESOURCES AND ENORMOUS LIABILITIES

Our banking question and the question of our currency and national monetary affairs is teeming with fascinating facts that are interesting to and should be known by every individual who desires to know his country, and particularly by the business man who desires to be posted in regard to the condition, foundation and basic plan upon which his financial welfare and safety rest, and whether the same is sound or unsound.

The paid-up capital of our 7,397 national banks, as of September 4, 1912, was $1,046,000,000; the combined surplus and other undivided profits, $943,000,000. They had circulating notes outstanding of $713,000,000; due to other banks, $2,177,000; individual deposits of $5,891,000,000, Government deposits of $59,000,000, rediscounts of bills payable of $82,-

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000,000, total liabilities of $10,963,000,000, a little less than $11,000,000,000. Sixty per cent. of the loanable funds of these banks is out upon loans and discounts aggregating $6,-061,000,000.

About 17 per cent., or $1,850,000,000, is invested in United States or other bonds and securities, about 7 per cent. in United States Bonds, of which $724,000,000 is on deposit with the Treasurer of the United States to secure national bank circulation, $46,000,000 to secure Government deposits; and $941,000,000 is held in specie, legal tender notes and minor currency.

TWENTY-NINE THOUSAND BANKING INSTITUTIONS

Let us see to what extent we use these institutions and how many banks and financial institutions we have. In September, 1912, we had practically 7,400 national banks. Of State banks and other institutions doing a commercial business, 13,823. Non-reporting institutions, 3,800. A total, in round numbers, of 29,000 banking institutions.

Of these banks 25,195 have had their assets tabulated, showing same to be approximately $25,000,000,000, and it is safe to say that the other institutions have capital and resources of $500,000,000 more, a total of $25,500,000,000.

It will be seen that the State banks and institutions nearly double the number of our national banks, there being 13,381 of them, with a capitalization of $460,000,000 and aggregate resources of $3,897,000,000, while savings banks, trust companies, etc., have about $6,500,000,000. The capitalization of the combined financial institutions amounts to $2,010,000,000 and the liabilities to banks and in other directions, $20,000,000,000.

HOW MARVELLOUSLY WE ARE GROWING RICH

The exports of the United States during the ten months ending October, 1912, were $1,872,000,000, and the imports $1,511,000,000, resulting in a trade balance in our favor of $361,000,000.

We prospered within ourselves, however, to a far greater extent than in our foreign and external trade, for compared with

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1911, the current asset returns show an increase in the capital of our banks of $58,400,000, and in deposits of $1,170,000,000; and an increase in aggregate assets of *$1,355,000,000 in a single year, or of over $110,000,000 a month.*

During the past four years, or since 1908, our banking figures have increased from $19,000,000,000 to $25,000,000,000, or altogether nearly 33 per cent. *We have increased our stock of real money in the banks only $18,000,000, and we are thus 33 per cent. worse off, so far as ability to stand a panic is concerned, than we were five years ago, or at the time of the panic of 1907.*

THE MONEY WE CANNOT USE: OUR NATIONAL BANK RESERVES

Under our banking laws, banks located in New York, Chicago, St. Louis and other Central Reserve Cities are required to retain a reserve in cash or currency of 25 per cent. Banks in the other reserve cities are required to retain the same per centage, although one-half of this amount may be deposited with the banks in the central reserve cities. Banks located elsewhere in the two classes of reserve cities may retain a reserve of 15 per cent., two-fifths of which must be held in the banks and three-fifths kept on deposit with their agents in the reserves of central reserve cities.

OUR MANY SMALL BANKS

Contrary to the usual acceptation and understanding, we have many more small banks than large ones. As we have heard so much of money trusts lately, we have lost sight of the fact that among our 7,397 national banks, 27 per cent., or over 2,000, are banks with only $25,000 of capital; 381 have capital between $25,000 and $50,000; 2,323, or 31 per cent., have capitals between $50,000 and $100,000, while there are 2,006 with capitals between $100,000 and $250,000; only 187, out of 7,397, with capital exceeding $1,000,000; and only 18 with over $5,000,000 capital.

FORCEFUL FACTS

It is probably true that there is an equal or greater proportion of State banks with small capital than of national banks, as

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there are 13,400. They nearly double the number of national banks, so, after all, our banking facilities are made up to a great extent of a number of small units.

There are some statistics that it is useful for us to know about, among them that the pro rata of bank capital in our national banks is as $1 to $5.63 of deposits; $1 to $5.77 of loans, and $1 to $10.40 of aggregate resources; and of specie and legal tender in individual deposits, as $1 to $6.58 in our national banks, but far less in our State banks and other fiscal institutions.

GOVERNMENT HOLDS ITS OWN BONDS FOR ACCOUNT OF BANK

Eighty per cent. of the bonded debt of the United States is held by banking institutions, so it is shown that they are the largest creditors of the Government of the United States. This is out of a total interest-bearing debt of the United States Government of $964,000,000, as of October 12, 1912. This amount taken with $47,000,000 held to secure Government deposits, places back in the Treasury of the United States, which holds these bonds as Trustee, $750,000,000 of its entire bonded indebtedness.

At the close of business on October 31, 1912, the number of national banks in existence was 7,428, with a paid-in capital stock of $1,053,000,000. Bonds deposited in the Treasury of the United States secure a circulation of $730,000,000. The circulation outstanding secured by bonds is $727,000,000.

OUTSTANDING CIRCULATION

On the same date there were outstanding circulating notes to the amount of $22,000,000, a good part of which is provided for by lawful money in the Treasury of the United States. For the use of the circulation, there is a liquidation charge, making an aggregate outstanding bank circulation of $749,000,348. All but two of these 7,428 banks are banks of issue; these have a capital of only $25,000 each. Contrary to the usual understanding, the issuance of notes by banks is not so profitable as it is usually thought to be; in fact, many individuals wonder why the banks do not issue more notes.

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The total number of banks furnishing statements to the Comptroller of the Currency, including State and other banks, was 803 more than reported last year, and included 1,992 mutual and stock savings banks, 1,100 private banks, and 1,410 loan and trust companies.

ONE YEAR'S GAIN IN BANKING INSTITUTIONS

One hundred and eighty-eight new national banks were chartered during the year.

SAFETY OF OUR BANKS IN GOOD TIMES

Our banks have become markedly safer, and it is found that actually less than 1 per cent. of the banks chartered since 1900 have failed, as against 5 per cent. of all national banks since 1865, and 82 per cent., in round numbers, has been paid to the creditors of all the banks that did fail, hence the losses have not been very large.

At the present time, however, the percentage has fallen tremendously, for receivers were appointed for only eight national banks during the year ending October 31, 1912, their aggregate capital being only $1,100,000, or, the number of failures is now 1/1,000th of one per cent.

In fact it has been stated that a tax of 1/35,000th of one per cent. could make good all the losses of depositors in all national banks that have failed since their establishment in 1863.

A DANGEROUS SITUATION

The most significant and dangerous fact, however, the one that must make every man sit up and take notice, is this:

That of the 25,195 banks in the United States and its island possessions, they had actual cash on hand in coin of $238,000,000; in gold certificates, $143,000,000, including $80,500,000 of Clearing House certificates; $22,000,000 of silver dollars; $194,000,000 of silver certificates; nearly $38,000,000 of subsidiary coinage; $253,000,000 of legal tender notes; $108,000,000 of national bank notes; cash not classified $74,000,000, and a balance in gold and bullion; a total of $1,572,000,000 of real money on hand, this against $17,024,-

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000,000 of savings deposits, certificates of deposit, certified cheques, cash and cheques outstanding.

In other words, if all our banks were called upon simultaneously to pay what they owed, they could pay less than 9 cents on the dollar. Few things show more clearly than this the necessity of combining this cash and putting them in a position to act as a unit in their own and the people's defence in case some one shouts " Fire."

WORSE AND WORSE

Individual deposits in our banks have increased during the last four years *$4,239,000,000,* or over *33* per cent., and we have only increased our circulating medium about $338,000,000 to correspond with this enormous additional tax and burden put upon us and upon our trifling cash reserve.

From another standpoint our 25,195 banks have loaned out $13,953,000,000, in round numbers *$14,000,000,000, against $1,500,000,000 in actual coin, currency and notes, or nine times as much money as there is in the United States in banks and depositories.*

THE GROWTH OF OUR BANKS

In 1784 we had three banks from which reports have been compiled, with a capital of $2,100,000, a circulation of $2,000,000 and a specie resource of $10,000,000. In 1800 there were 28 banks, showing a capital of $21,300,000, circulation of $10,500,000 and specie $17,500,000, and in 1820 there were 370 banks with a capital of $102,000,000, circulation of $40,600,000, deposits of $31,000,000 and specie of $16,700,000. In 1830 there were 329 banks with $110,000,000 of capital, $48,100,000 in circulation, $39,000,000 in deposits, $14,500,000 in specie and $159,000,000 in loans.

Since 1900 the number of banks in operation in this country has increased over 107 per cent., and their volume of business is indicated by their deposits, an increase of over 127 per cent., and there is nothing to take care of this immense increase in load. We have doubled our danger.

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CASH HOLDINGS

On June 7, 1911, the cash holdings of all reporting banks were $1,554,000,000, and on June 14, 1912, $1,572,000,000, making an increase during the year of $18,000,000 cash. During this year, however, the cash in our national banks decreased about $2,000,000, while the State banks increased about $20,000,000.

The total amount held by the national banks was $996,000,000 and by State banks $576,000,000, including other reporting banks.

The total proportion of money held for all deposits, including savings banks, was only 5.15 per cent., or a little more than 5 cents on the dollar, or one dollar in twenty of what the banks might be called upon to pay, and since then it would seem even more out of proportion than this.

A TICKLISH SITUATION

To reduce this problem to the individual, and the only way to bring it home, let it be said that any one of us would hesitate or feel unsafe about a loan we had made another individual, which he agreed to pay at any time, or had we deposited money with him, if we knew there was only *one dollar out of twenty that it was possible for him to get,* if everybody to whom he owed money, including ourselves, were to call upon him at the same time, or about the same time, for payment.

Nevertheless we permit ourselves to be in exactly this position, and this is the relative position of the banks toward their depositors and toward the total requirements that they may be called upon to fill.

OUR MONEY STOCK: MONEY PER CAPITA

As we have stated, we have a total of only $34.34 in actual money, and *$17.89 is in daily use or in the people's pockets,* or in use in our daily transactions; it is not in our banks. In other words, a man is either carrying it in his pocket or holding it in his sock, or it is passing from hand to hand. The total proportion of this money in specie, bills and Government notes, would be as follows:

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The total stock of money in the United States on June 12, 1912, was $3,648,000,000, of which amount nearly 10 per cent. was in the Treasury as assets, leaving as our circulating medium $1,563,000,000, or 42 per cent. was in reporting banks, excluding those of our Island possessions, and $1,720,000,000, or 46.16 per cent. outside of the Treasury and banks, that is, in circulation among the people.

LESS MONEY: MORE LIABILITY

There is only a million and a half more than the amount of money reported in circulation in 1911, and $18,300,000 more only got into the tills or the vaults of our banks. $52,000,000 was required for outside circulation. Our banks are holding less and less coin and specie all the time in proportion to the amount they may be called upon to pay.

ONE HOUR'S SURPLUS MONEY

In most sections of the United States, banking hours are from 10 to 3 o'clock. Thus five hours comprise our banking day. Holidays subtracted, we have about 300 banking days in the year, and our banks show clearings of the tremendous sum of *$168,000,000,000 per annum,* or in other words, our banking transactions are $560,000,000 per day, or $112,000,000 per hour for every banking hour of the day. It must be remembered also that bank clearings are merely the record of transactions involving at least two banks.

MONEY THAT DOES NOT SHOW

If John Smith deposits a cheque of James Jones, and the Jones' cheque is drawn on a bank other than the one it is deposited in by Smith, it goes into the bank clearings. But if Jones and Smith use the same bank, it does not require to be cleared. So, too, there is no record kept of the local banking transactions of one-bank towns, and few records are available showing the clearings in small places, where cheques are exchanged or "cleared" direct, and not through the agency of a clearing house. The total banking transactions of the country probably greatly exceed $250,000,000,000 a year, but consid-

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ering only the tabulated clearings, the total is enormous enough.

When we realize that our savings banks carry less than 1 per cent. of actual cash, and our State banks only about 7.8 per cent., and that our other financial institutions have even smaller reserves, we can expect no help from them, hence the maintenance of reserves falls entirely upon our national banks, so all the banks and banking institutions fall back upon them in tight times.

ON THIN ICE

A peculiar parallel to our recorded clearings is found in the feature of our banking law that requires our banks to hold a reserve, varying from 15 per cent. for country banks, to 25 per cent. for banks in Central Reserve cities. On November 26, 1912, our national banks held $31,000,000 above legal reserve, or 17 minutes' supply of money; on February 25, 1913, they held $64,000,000, or 35 minutes' supply of money; so that we see that a withdrawal or a failure to deposit the average amount within 2 per cent. in our national banks would place them in a day, as a whole, below their legal reserve, a situation far too delicate and dangerous for any legitimate business to rest upon. Ours is the only country in the world where these conditions exist. Other countries have depositories and thus avoid the disaster attending our miserable banking system.

On the date mentioned the legal reserve requirement was $1,467,739,000, while the total cash holdings were $1,572,953,000, the difference or "surplus reserve" being $105,000,000, giving us an actual working cash surplus equal to one hour's bank clearings. Few hobos are so poor that they have not money enough to see them through the next hour, and why should the richest nation in the world be in a worse position?

INADEQUATE

Under the Aldrich-Vreeland Act, a measure intended only for a desperate emergency, and the very resort to which would indicate a national condition of panic, national banks were permitted to issue $500,000,000 of currency, on securities acceptable to the Secretary of the Treasury, or the Comptroller of

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the Currency. This has been the only expansion provided for through our National Banking Act, but were this whole $500,000,000 to be created at once, it would cover less than five hours of our banking transactions. It is evident that such relief as this is inadequate.

ON THE EDGE OF A PRECIPICE

No sane man would attempt to run a manufacturing plant with only five hours of coal available against the emergency of snowstorms, the breaking down of a railroad train or other catastrophe. No farmer would consider himself safe if he had only five hours' food for his stock on his farm. No one would consider himself safe if he had only five hours' food for his household.

Why is the nation, and why are we not in exactly the same ridiculous situation when we permit ourselves to have only five hours' supply of money between ourselves and disaster? The people's needs and their daily transactions only partly appear in our enormous clearings or inter-bank business of $105,000,000 a banking hour.

That straight-out cash transactions are very numerous is perhaps best evidenced by the fact that money passes so quickly from hand to hand that the average life of a dollar bill is only 14 months, after which it is worn out and has to be sent in for redemption.

DANGEROUSLY INCREASING LIABILITIES

Our banks cannot expect to lure any more actual cash out of the pockets or hands of the people than they hold at present. At least they have not done so, for in *the period that our banks increased their liabilities in the form of deposits $1,170,000,000, their actual cash was augmented by but $18,000,000. In other words, they only gained 1-1/2 cents for each new dollar of deposits which they accepted, and which they agreed to pay or return on demand. Certainly in case of stress, or in time of panic or distrust, we need not expect to have the public deposit any more of the money which it holds; on the contrary, the people have shown that they will withdraw further sums of this pre-*

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cious cash reserve, and it is startling to think that a little over 1 per cent. would put us beyond our legal currency reserve, if it were withdrawn from our banks.

CASH IN POCKET OR IN BANK

But let us get away from the term "reserve fund" and call it simply the cash in the pockets of the bank. Let us liken the bank to an individual, who might be required by law to keep in his pocket so much money which he cannot spend or pay out, and do his business, and keeps the rest of his money—a very small part of his means—in circulation. Strictly speaking, what is the use of this money, if he is forbidden by law to use or part with it? In such a case he is merely doing his business with a few pennies, and a very great business at that.

AN EXAMPLE OF INELASTICITY

We are riding over a rough road in a springless vehicle, when we could just as easily have pneumatic tires, the best of springs and elasticity instead of rigidity. Pneumatic tires and elasticity are not luxuries on motor cars; they are necessities. No motor car or vehicle could long stand the rack of rough roads unless protected against shock and jar. Then why ignore common-sense and harness our greatest motive power to a springless, absolutely inelastic vehicle and expect it to carry us in safety? No wonder we get financial jolts.

RECKLESSNESS

It is reckless, improvident, it is scarcely less than idiocy on the part of a nation, and we would not tolerate it in our own employees. We have 500 men in Congress in Washington who are employed by us and supposed to represent us, and they are paid to take care of our interests. But they have stood around looking at our worn-out and rickety financial machine for years, have known and admitted that it needed repairs, additions and springs put on it, and that they only could make the repairs. What have they done besides standing around like a lot of incompetents waiting for it to break down before they repair it?

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DEFYING THE COMMONEST PRECEPTS

We defy almost every principle and adage of business in our currency system. The motto of our nation is that in unity there is strength. One of our States has as its motto: "United we stand, divided we fall."

We have an army, a navy, a post-office department, and a Treasury department. In them, in fact, in every part of our government, we show our belief in organization and have a smoothly running machine. Yet we violate every principle when we come to our most important piece of business.

ARMY AND NAVY FOR COMPARISON

Our army's strength is in its organization and power of assembly, in the ease and rapidity with which it may be mobilized. Soldiers are organized into companies, companies into battalions, battalions into regiments, regiments into brigades, brigades into corps, and corps into armies.

Our navy is organized into divisions. Various types of ships are assigned to each division, and these divisions in turn make up a fleet. There may be a North Atlantic and a South Atlantic fleet, and these fleets will combine and form an Atlantic Fleet.

We hold ready for emergency our surplus stock of arms in our arsenals and magazines in which we carry our surplus supply of ammunition. Without these, the army and navy would be practically useless.

Why should we neglect a similar precaution and not deal with the important money question in the same way? The police forces of our cities are not disorganized rabbles; they are also organized, and so is our citizen soldiery or militia and our naval reserve. Should we ignore our commonest of examples? If we ignored all such methods, we should be the military, naval and civic laughing stock of the world.

Yet we have 29,000 banks and financial institutions, and up to the time of the Aldrich-Vreeland Bill, never made any provisions for them to get together for defence. These 29,000 institutions may have demands made upon them that can only

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be resisted for the real good of the nation as a whole by organized action.

But we insist that they stay apart and that they do not assemble, or be permitted to get together to resist strain or demands upon them by their thirty or thirty-five millions of depositors, who may become a dangerous and panic-stricken rabble at any moment.

THE TREMENDOUS ACTIVITY OF OUR MONEY

Every dollar of available cash in our banks or an equivalent is deposited and paid out, moving in and out of our banks every three days. Our banks are simply like a weir or small dam in a stream over which the water passes. If any of the funds fail to come into the bank by reason of panic, excessive demands for money, or slowness in the payment of bills, it is equivalent to the diversion of water from the dam, and consequently it does not pass over the weir, *hampering all the industries below which depend upon it for power with which to turn their wheels.*

If each person in the United States were to withdraw approximately $16 from our banks, there would not be a cent of cash or bills left with which to do business. There is only $18.99 in gold or its equivalent in gold certificates per capita, $8.91 in silver, and $8.71 in paper; and about half of that has already been withdrawn or is kept out of banks for current uses.

ENCOURAGING GUERILLA WARFARE

By reason of the disconnected existence lived by our banks, a system of guerilla warfare has grown up and must go on among the very institutions which we trust and depend upon. We have only so many available arms or stands of arms in the form of currency, and when a demand is made upon one, for cash, if he has not the funds, he must get them or take them from his neighbor.

A GREAT PARTNERSHIP

Our nation is a great partnership, and the interest of one is the interest of all, whether the man has five cents or a million

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dollars. When our banks are ready to enter into a defensive co-partnership, not merely for their own protection, but for the protection of the money and deposits of the nation, why should we not permit them to do so, in fact, give them every facility and encouragement?

We are fully aware that the national banking system fails to perform its functions adequately. Why not remedy it and insure a greater soundness than at present, and give it elements of economy and flexibility, which are but another word for safety? As we have shown, the rigidity of the reserve requirements of the banks subjects them to the necessity of paying cash when people demand it, and of refusing to loan when their reserve line is approached.

BANK DEPOSITS

The banks that hold deposits of other banks never feel sure that they may not be called upon overnight to supply them with actual cash. Every bank has outstanding liabilities several times greater than the amount of its reserve, and a sudden demand for cash in all parts of the country would deplete the bank funds of every city to a point where they would be in danger of falling below the legal requirements.

A large number of banks thus live in a condition of doubt whether they may be suddenly required to part with the whole of their surplus reserve, thereby being deprived of the power of making further loans to their customers, with a money loss to the treasury department, and a violation of our national banking laws.

SURPLUS RESERVE

It may not be amiss here to distinguish between the surplus and the surplus reserve. The surplus reserve is the difference between the reserve required by law and the actual cash reserve on hand. It is only the surplus reserve that can be loaned out. The surplus has no connection with the surplus reserve. The surplus is profit that would accrue to stockholders if the bank were to be liquidated.

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WHY NOT A MARKET FOR GOODS BANKS PURCHASE?

The man who buys a horse or a house can borrow upon it in turn. Would it not be well to permit our commercial banks to take commercial paper to some place where they could sell or hypothecate it or issue currency against it all, guaranteeing it not for their own benefit, but to enable them to tide the public over, and keep in safety the credit structure and the dollars of its depositors?

COMPULSORY INDEBTEDNESS

Here is a sample of the absurdity of our system. There have been times when we could have reduced the national debt by retiring outstanding bonds. Was it done? No, it was not deemed advisable as it would reduce the quantity of our money in circulation.

Most of the bonds called in would have been found to be on deposit with national banks who had issued banknotes against them. When the banks turned in the bonds, they would be forced to retire the notes they issued, thus reducing the money in circulation. *Now why should a man or a nation be required to stay in debt in order to be able to have money to do his business with?*

Why should prosperity depend upon being in debt, and be curtailed if the nation got out of debt? No wonder the layman turns dizzy when asked to think a little about our currency system or lack of system. What more ridiculous situation could present itself!

Yet this is exactly the position in which the Government has placed itself in regard to our national banks and the power to issue national banknotes, which form one-fourth of the circulation of the country, and one-half of the actual cash reserve in our banks.

A BOGIE MAN

We have been holding back monetary relief from ourselves for fear some one would get control of our reserve fund, or a possible central bank. It is ridiculous to find such a bogie man scaring a nation and its legislators into inanition. Such a jack-o'-lantern would only amuse a 2-year-old child.

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We have 29,000 banking institutions, and it is ridiculous to think that they would permit control or dominance over them by any one influence. In the present temper of the legislatures and the people, it is too absurd to consider, for we could instantly change any law that would permit such a thing more quickly than we could make it. *Any of the plans for monetary relief suggested carefully guard against any such thing, and at least one of them gives each bank, regardless of size, an equal vote, thus the bank with $25,000 would have as much to say as the bank with $25,000,000.*

To bring it home more clearly, we have 3,000 counties in the United States. If each one elected 10 senators, each one with an equal vote, the possibility of controlling such a body would be too remote for serious consideration. So with any of our currency plans. We have an average of 10 banking institutions to a county, and who could control every county in the United States, or even a majority of them?

We must remember that banks are voluntary and deposits likewise and the people would handle this matter for themselves the moment they thought their interests were in the hands of dangerous or unscrupulous persons, or being used for the benefit of any clique or financial combination or trust. They could end such domination in a moment by withdrawing their funds from the banks or combinations so controlled, and there would only be a shell left; the people would have the kernel and the whip-hand, and be able to protect themselves thoroughly as they always have and will be unless a law is provided by which money deposited in banks must remain there indefinitely, a proposition which the people would not stand for for a moment and which is too absurd for consideration.

In practically all our currency association or relief plans, the little bank has an equal vote with the big bank, and the idea that the 18 five million dollar banks could control 7,400 national banks, 13,823 State banks and other institutions and nearly 4,000 independent institutions, whose membership in such an association would be voluntary and not compulsory, is unworthy of even the smallest part of a second thought.

There is no need for us to be alarmed about the fact that

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we have a few large banks, for Canada, with its 8,000,000 of people, has as many big banks as the United States; London has 10 banks approximately as large as, or larger than the 3 largest banks in New York: Berlin 5 and Paris 4; but no country in the world in any way approaches us in the number of banking units and institutions, and if banking has not become a monopoly in these countries—the principal countries of the world—it surely will never become so in the United States.

INVITING DISASTER

We are needlessly at sea instead of on firm ground as we should be. We are on a tiny raft, overloaded to the water level, without life preservers or more than an hour's provisions. We are in the track of vessels and storms, and yet we have voluntarily permitted our arms to be tied to our sides, though we may be run down and swamped at any moment and suffer a catastrophe that would wreck homes, fortunes, lives, and all that men have striven for years to attain, which would bring such a widespread flood of anxiety, sorrow and suffering that it would make the *Titanic* disaster seem like a jest.

YOUR INTEREST IN THE QUESTION

If you have no bank account, nor any money yourself, some of your friends, relations and neighbors have, or somebody owes you money or pays you wages, or you must borrow or beg some money from somebody. You cannot get away from your personal interest in the money, currency and banking problem.

Whether you know it or not, you are sitting on the roof of a nitro-glycerine factory that may explode at any moment, with or without apparent cause. Will you get off or stay on?

If you want the menace removed, write your Congressman or Senator: ask him to listen himself and insist upon action being taken on the most important of all the problems before us as a nation. Let us remove the slumbering volcano beneath us, lest it burst into an eruption worse than those of 1893 and 1907. Why should we voluntarily place ourselves again and again needlessly in the gravest danger, without a possible excuse that a grain of common-sense could find a warrant for?

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ART AND THE WOMAN'S MOVEMENT

A Comment on the National Suffrage Pageant

PERCY MACKAYE

"Where women walk in public processions in the streets the same as the men."—WALT WHITMAN

IN England and America to-day, with valiant sincerity, women are expressing their claims to political freedom. In England, however, they have been driven to voice their claims through violence to a people and Government too long deaf and dumb to the subtler eloquence of art. In America, though still hotly combatted, they have been encouraged, by popular receptivity and Government courtesy, to blazon the living meanings of their movement even under the nation's dome and the pillared gates of its sacrosanct temple—the federal treasury building.

Thus at the capital of the British Empire, women have been smashing windows, scattering flames and acid: at the capital of the United States, women have been building pageants, scattering the creative fires of beauty and reason.

Here are two forms of expression: war and symbolism. The contrast is vastly significant to a new world-movement.

In the light of this contrast, the National Suffrage Pageant of March 3 at Washington takes two-fold historic place in the Anglo-Saxon world as the first convincing art expression of the woman's movement, and the first national expression of the new art of pageantry in America.

The Pageant itself consisted of two parts, the Procession on Pennsylvania Avenue, and the Allegory, on the steps of the Treasury. In the Procession, planned under expert direction, with symbolic costumes, insignia and floats, there marched or rode about five thousand women, representatives of all our States and of most foreign countries: in the Allegory, about a hundred women and children, under technical leadership, took part in symbolic pantomime and dances. The Procession was

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designed to be correlated in scheme with the Allegory, though, owing to defective police control of the crowds, the correlation of the two parts was actually broken by a considerable delay.

Newspaper accounts of the police neglect and popular insult, which marred the Procession, have emphasized a negative (though significant) aspect of the event, but have wholly failed to convey to the nation a true sense of the victorious order out of threatened rout, the gallant meaning of the marchers, old and young, the thrilling loveliness and the splendid triumph of the pageant-allegory as a whole.

Through this emphasis, then, on the negative features of the celebration, to the neglect of its more significant and positive features, it has so happened that comparatively little publicity has been given to an unique part of the pageant—the portion focussed at the Treasury.

It is pertinent, therefore, to include this sketch of it, as given in the official programme:

The story told in the Procession shows what woman is striving to achieve, as well as what she has so far attained.

The Allegory, on the other hand, illustrates those ideals toward which both men and women have been struggling through the ages and toward which, in coöperation and equality, they will continue to strive.

The outline of the Allegory is as follows:

Columbia, hearing the approach of the Procession, summons to her side Justice, Charity, Liberty, Peace and Hope, to review with her this "new crusade" of women. When these are assembled Columbia takes her place as leader and guardian of them all, and, in a final tableau, they stand together and review the oncoming Procession.

The note of the trumpet, which announces the starting of the Procession at the Peace Monument, is taken up at intervals along the line of march until it reaches the trumpeters who are stationed on the plaza of the Treasury Building. These trumpeters announce that the ceremonies are about to commence.

I. As soon as the trumpets cease, the opening strains of *The Star Spangled Banner* are heard, and at once there emerges

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from the shadowy depths of the great columns, robed in the national colors, the commanding figure of Columbia.

II. Again the trumpets are sounded and Columbia, turning, summons Justice. Obeying her command, Justice and her attendants appear in robes of purple and violet, and to the strains of the *Pilgrims' Chorus* they formally descend and make their obeisance to Columbia.

III. Columbia then turns again and summons Charity. Handel's *Largo* announces her coming. She descends the steps preceded by two little children, who strew her path with rose petals.

Following her closely, comes a group of youths and maidens, and, enfolding some of these in her ample mantle of blue, Charity takes her place.

IV. To the *Triumphal March* from *Aïda,* Liberty appears, a flying figure, unfettered and free. She pauses for an instant at the top of the steps, then sweeps to the plaza below, beckoning her attendants to follow her. With floating scarfs of crimson and rose, they troop out from beneath the columns and together they weave a triumphant dance of joy and freedom.

V. Advancing to the tender strains of the overture to *Lohengrin* comes a serene figure in silvery white, bearing in her hands her emblem, the Dove of Peace. Halting at the head of the steps, she releases the bird. Then, followed by a group of girls with olive branches, she descends the steps. A moment later, another group appears bearing golden cornucopias laden with fruits. Plenty thus follows Peace. Together Peace and her attendants take their places on the plaza below.

VI. The last to come is Hope, bearing the promise of the future. To the music of *Elsa's Dream,* she shyly appears and disappears between the columns like a bright spirit. At last, she boldly leaves her hiding place, and, followed by her attendants in rainbow colors, dances down the steps to the strains of Dvorak's *Humoreske.* Breaking in upon this dance comes a merry troupe of children, Hope's dear reliance, tossing their golden balls.

To the music of Mendelssohn's *Spring Song,* all this joyous band join the others on the plaza.

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VII. All being now assembled, Columbia takes her place as the central figure in the final tableau. To the strains of *America,* they await and review the approaching procession.

Here, then, on the steps of the Treasury occurred an event which, if school books were written to record the true growth of nations, would be chronicled as history for American children. Here, for the first time in the history of our democracy, a federal building was used for dramatic art: here—after an estrangement of two thousand years—the goddess of republican government (symbolized as Columbia) welcomed back to her civic fane the long-outcast, barefoot Terpsichore, radiant amid her dancing children, ushered by pied muses of pantomime and attended by the solemn ardent servants of joy.

Gazing up at the double background of mysterious pillars—before them the sun-blazed plaza and steps, a-flutter with rose and iris and pale gold—one sank, under the spell of music, into a day dream of old Athens, only to start thrillingly awake at the thought: "No. This is to-day, 1913, America—our own living age and festival! This is Washington—the Athens of to-morrow."

But this spell was cast not merely upon a few day-dreamers. Its majestic and sensuous beauty held a throng of many thousands enthralled by an appeal which the arts of the theatre had probably never made to them before. Celebrating a combatted radical movement of to-day, young women and lithe girls in swaying gauzes danced with bodies nobly free in action, while a miscellaneous mob—sometime frequenters of nondescript vaudeville and " movies "—watched like the audience of a cathedral ritual.

This result seemed magical perhaps, yet it was really predictable and was attained by no haphazard means. On the contrary it was attained scientifically—by applying expert imagination to a definite end. It sprang directly from skilled artists of the theatre. Its designer and director is herself a producer of trained power and executive. Its chief acting-rôle, Columbia, embodied the noble bearing and artistry of an actress expert in the age-long traditions of her art. Liberty was interpreted in

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dance with a spontaneity and discipline of life-power comparable to the mastery of Duncan and St. Denis. With these the lesser rôles were all harmonious. And to all the skilled knowledge of experts, practised in many years of festival work, contributed a noble excellence in costume.

The practical moral of the result is clear.

Trained artists of the theatre, called upon for public service, splendidly demonstrated the value of the theatrical expert in civic art. Social workers elected artists to express their aims; both triumphed in the result, and both classes were women.

The promise of this fact both for women and art is incalculable. To dramatic art a civic scope, involving live meanings of modernity wholly freed from commercialism, was restored, while by this means of claiming the suffrage, women have demonstrated not only their intrinsic right to possess it, but their power to transform it to public uses more civilized than men thus far have put in practice.

This was well proved by the contrasted pageants of March 3 and 4 at Washington. On March 3, hampered by official neglect, the women of America, with variety, charm and grandeur, expressed the racial aspirations of love and peace. On March 4, guarded by solicitous phalanxes of officialdom, the men of America blazoned, with impressive splendor, the racial hatreds of war. No more significant attestation could have proved, for women, their claim to citizenship. For by that tremendous contrast this truth was clearly demonstrated to America:

For our men the watchword is still *war;* for our women—*"the moral equivalent of war."*

Each is the watchword of an art.

But one is the art of the cave man, perfected in technique; the other—the perfection-seeking art of the superman.

Thus, then, at last the woman's movement has requisitioned the artist as civic worker and, in so doing, has publicly illuminated a great social question of art:

The passionate realism of war:

The impassioned symbolism of peace:

Of which school shall our citizens be artists?

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A NATION IN IRELAND

DARRELL FIGGIS

IV

The Situation To-day

IT is told that in the sacred worship of Brighid the vestals that attended her were nineteen in number. They guarded her shrine, however, in a cycle of twenty nights; and it was their task to see that her sacred fire was never suffered to die away. When it came to the evening of the twentieth night the nineteenth virgin piled wood upon the fire, declaring bravely to the goddess: "Brighid, now take you care of your own fire; for surely this night's charge is at you." How Brighid will acquit herself in maintaining the fire of nationality in her own island during the twentieth century is a matter for faith and conjecture; yet there will be none to deny that it has been kept alive, in the teeth of crushing tribulations, with some effect in the centuries that have passed. Invaders have been drawn into its polity, and converted into its most enthusiastic supporters. Its ancient culture has clung about the people, and clings still, like an aroma, although the fiercest attacks were made upon it in the attempt finally to distribute and destroy it. Wounds were made in the national system by the invading armies of friends and foes, but the system itself was of such a nature that it soon repaired the damage. Twice it rose to eminence in Europe; and once it reorganized the culture of Europe after the barbarian inroads, on the basis of which reorganization the present arts and learning rest, in England and on the Continent. And when the axe was laid at the root of all things, and the people robbed of their immemorial holdings in the iniquitous successions of plantations, the same vitality held good, and the very people who were planted became some of the most deeply tinctured with the memory of a nationality that, trembling with its own characteristic instincts, stretched back before the finding of history with a dignity and civilization as spontaneous as it was well-matured.

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It is easy, and as dangerous as easy, to allocate racial instincts. Mankind is too completely one thing to be divided into departments with sharply defined characteristics for each department. Yet it is admittedly a characteristic of Celtic peoples that their memory is a very alert thing. Their present acts do not easily become dislocated from their past; they act out of the full body of the past, even when they themselves least realize it. And by a curious process (that has never been investigated, if indeed it be not beyond investigation), that characteristic seems to become most active where it is only a strain in an alien blood. It is as if it became most active when it had to war against other and contrary elements. For it certainly is a fact that the most strenuous and militant upholders of an Irish nationality and polity have been found among English settlers in Ireland, after some generations of settlement. But whether it exert itself firmly through the instincts of its own race, or more energetically through strangers, a careful reading of the facts leaves no room for any other conclusion than this: that the instincts of the very earliest past, that went to construct the national frame of that past, are alive to-day, and that their tendency is to construct the national frame as before. Centuries of bitter oppression have of course wounded it. They have done an even deeper injury in turning it aside somewhat, by making it as much concerned, hostilely concerned, with wrongs received, as with working forcefully along its proper path; and in so far as they have done that they have altered it. But they have not crushed it. Spoliation had added satire and cynicism; but it need not follow that it has altered the original direction. Similarly the introduction of an alien blood has added elements that must needs alter the full original instinct; but, since the alien blood has been some of the most active in insisting on the national privileges, the direction may still have been preserved though the character may have been changed.

To judge whether this be so or not it would be interesting to survey, as in a catalogue, some features, important or unimportant, of modern Ireland, to see how they reflect the past. For example, there is an authentic story of a certain living Irish poet who, passing with some friends through a village in Galway,

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entertained them at tea at a cottage where he thought himself unknown. He was hospitably received; but when, at the conclusion of the meal, he asked what payment would be required of him, he was met by a courteous refusal to take anything: "Surely I know well who you are. You're a poet, and an honor to Ireland, and it's not myself will charge you anything at all." It might be difficult to conceive of any other country where such a thing would be possible; but the immediate fact is that here one sees at once the old honor given to the poet, though the woman of the house herself little realized it. It was an old national memory asserting itself in a day of tourists and commercial gain. Yet this is only a finer example of the hospitality given to ballad-singers and seanchaidhthe that travel about the countryside. They derive directly from the days when the poet travelled abroad singing his poems and expecting free hospitality. They may claim their sup and shelter, or take their bit of flour on the road. And even as in the old time the people dreaded to have a bard's rann or satire put upon them, so now it is the same; and even the most hardened rationalist will not take a course of action of inhospitality or rough treatment, which will call the blister of a satirist's verse upon him.

So it is with learning, that other part of culture. Employers have complained of the people that, though they are rapid workers while at it, the full value cannot be got from that because so many of them are disinterestedly "addicted to books." It is the trick of employers to say men are slothful when they will not serve their turn; but in this case it is freely admitted that the learning that is sought is of no light order. The books that are read and diligently sought out would shame many a student's zeal in high places. One has heard an old cobbler—whose earnings could not have equalled two shillings a week, whose dishevelled cottage let in the winds at the walls and the rain freely at the roof—quote from the Four Masters, analyze and criticise Dr. Douglas Hyde's *Religious Songs of Connacht,* illustrating it with collateral versions of the songs, give a detailed account of Clarence Mangan's wanderings, give his position among the Mangan clan, quote from his poetry, and conclude the evening's conversation with poems of his own in Gaelic

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in celebration of local records in history. Nor is such a man a single case. Everywhere, in varying degrees, the same passion for learning and culture is to be found; and the speech and mien of the people is sufficient to prove that their passion is a very vivid self-expression. It is purely disinterested. There is no modern commercial gloss upon it, destroying and ruining it. It is a noble commerce of mind, not the sordid commerce of purse. The result is that such poverty is noble where riches elsewhere is depraved; and its derivation from the days when Ireland was *Insula sanctorum et doctorum* is obvious enough.

Besides such a personal power, which indeed it is, it is a small thing to find, accurately observed from earliest times, such rituals as, for example, that with which a woman, banking up the ashes at night, speaks a poem for the preservation of the seed of fire till the morning. Such observances have been preserved intact for centuries of time; but they may or may not mean anything in the minds of the fulfillers. They were symbols, once, of power; they may be so no longer; whereas a reverence or passion of mind is itself a power. It is more to the point to find reminiscences of the tribal organization. After the deliberate way in which this was stript and torn to shreds during some three or four centuries of furious reprisals, one would scarcely expect to find any remnants of it. A few such remain: chiefly in the banding of a number of one sept in one locality, or the uncertain relics that lend themselves, like the foundations of a ruined house, for the re-creation of a one-time structure—such as will engage fuller attention shortly. But in the main it is just to use the word reminiscence instead of remnant; for such reminiscences, particularly in the West of Ireland, are often to be found. Turbary rights, for instance, are sometimes held jointly by the whole district; and during the early parts of the summer men are appointed to cut the turf while the work on their land is done by the others, in addition to their own. Similarly in times of storm one man, or maybe two men, are relieved by a certain district of the work on their land, and they are deputed to watch for, and collect, seaweed for the making of kelp, and to divide it out in equal and just shares, to each cottage its share, to be gathered on the blowing of a horn. In the old times a

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man was liable to be called upon for such work for his tuath; and, in one way or another, the system still prevails, chiefly in the West. In the same way, if a man has some special task to be done—as, for instance, if he be backward in his harvest, or if he is taking advantage of a calm day at Christmas to re-thatch his roof—he may call a *meitheal,* when his district will come to his assistance. And it is such districts that act together in times of trouble and revolt. The demarcations that frame them may or may not geographically be the same as those that adjusted the tuaths, but the principle that actuates them is the same. And it is a principle that is now once more being turned to wider purposes.

Indeed, it is just this echo from the past that explains much of the unrest in the immediate past—the unrest that politicians have put down to perversity and original sin because they have not understood, or have not wished to think on, the original causes of it. For the whole of the old polity of the people, the whole of the tribal system that one finds still persisting in the communal life of the people, swung upon the occupancy of the land; and the whole of the bitter oppression the people came to endure centred, in consequence, round the same thing. Up to within recent times, in terms of national memory, this occupancy persisted; and the wounds of the oppression are not yet healed upon the people. That is to say, both in terms of their proprietary and the cruelty of others the memory is alive. The consequence is that at the first hint of a new wrong, or at the earliest coming of a reason for protest, the people couch their antagonism in terms of that memory, they strike from the centre of that memory in the desire to throw back the affront along the lines of its original approach. This is the whole meaning of that recurrent thing that has been called Agrarian Disturbance. Time cannot make a wrong a right; and when originally they were stript of their age-long proprietary the whole proceeding had been as lawless as it had been wanton. Moreover, Time in this regard scarcely exists. Anyone who has spoken with the people in times of such disturbance will know how soon they are met by such words as: "And whose after all is the land? Where did they get it from who want to rackrent it, and make

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their money out of it, but from us and our fathers, who were here long before they jumped into the place at all?" At such times the thought of the old proprietary is more than a subconscious instinct, it rises into an active memory; and the old aristocratic order thrusts itself through into modern times.

So one could assume it would be with another act of the people that gave a new word to the Saxon tongue, in the famous case of Captain Boycott: and so one finds it was. In the first of these papers it was seen that in the old Brehon law punishments, as such, were not recognized. An offence, that is to say, was not a crime but a tort. The whole community enforced its wish in the judgments of the brehon; it demonstrated that fact by being present at the judgments,* and, if need were, crying out to abrogate an undesirable judgment, to decree one of greater precision. The very name of the Fénechas ("the law of the free land-tillers") implies the sense of coöperation and privilege so strongly that it is hard to conceive of a man willing to forfeit them. Hence the mildness of the penalties. Consequently, as was seen, if a man put himself outside the law, if he refused to come to, or abide by, the judgment, he put himself outside the community. And it was due to it to enforce that fact against him. That was the legal system; and a more equable, less revengeful, and yet severer, system it would be hard to conceive. The only course of action open to a man so defying the community would be to flee the country. Captain Boycott, as it happened, withdrew to England.

It is not to be imagined that this application of the old system was intelligently recognized as such. Indeed, the whole strength of it as an instance of the national instinct asserting itself arises from its spontaneous character. The immediate point, however, is that, far from being an act of lawlessness, it was the very reverse. It was in essence lawful: it was an ancient and purer law asserting itself against a new and more makeshift law: it was a law that, demonstrably, expressed a national instinct in collision with an alien law introduced by the people of another country. In a word, it was the assertion of one nationality against another, in terms of law.

* See *The Ancient Polity* in the March FORUM.

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In fact, the people are essentially a law-fearing people. Even as the old English judge declared that "the Irish are more fearful to offend the law than the English or any other nation whatsoever," so it is still. Subtract agrarian disturbance, and there is little crime in Ireland. Even including such disturbance, with its special aggravations, the figures are illuminating; for whereas in Great Britain there were 12,986 convictions to a population of 39,273,086, in Ireland there were 1,303 convictions to a population of 4,386,035. This was in 1906; and while in Ireland, owing to the operations of Land Purchase, convictions have decreased, in Great Britain they have increased; with the additional fact to remember that in Great Britain there are not the oppositions of nationality or belief. Such statistics should be salutary to reflect on; but in the light of the past they are significant. Not only do they reveal the special nature of agrarian disturbances, they reflect, moreover, the character of the people. In spite of the debauching influence of oppression the temper of the people is the same as in the days when learning and culture were not State impositions, or the monopoly of a few, but the tokens of a natural aristocracy in the mass. It is not a conception easy to realize in a day when whole nations have, in a boast of civilization, raised barriers between themselves and reality; but its results may still be seen. There is still the aristocracy that dates from the days when aristocracy was an instinct and not a cult. Nothing could be further from the truth than the popular conception of the stage Irishman, all wit and humor and volatility. The people are close and reserved, haughty, very often mordant. It is their very reserve, as acquaintance shows, that makes them give a ready reply to a direct question: the inquirer is satisfied, whereas the other defends himself in the most secure of all possible ways, and even preserves to himself a height from which he may scorn the inquirer. Their personal and communal privacy is so secure that it is almost impossible for the stranger to strike along the lines of their thinking; and the true coin is the harder of access because of the false coin he has readily thrust into his hand. Their appearance of severity one to another does not lessen the difficulty; especially as all the time there are the evidences of a

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hearty mutual aid. Their personal purity, the unsulliedness of their sex, in all this, becomes a strong vibrant thing, slow to blame, but quick in resentment.

In much of this one may see the results of oppression; especially in the bitter and satiric cast of mind among the elder men. But it is the result of oppression on a certain haughty bent of character. The whole body of history is in the result. So in the strong resentment at the coming of strangers, in the fierce determination to have a privacy aloof from them, and to hold it by fair words or moody satire, it is not difficult to see reflected the ancient liberty and equality that was uprooted by force. In the old state the modern conceptions of democracy and aristocracy had no application, because they mixed and were one, as it should be in every wise way of life; and the instinct still prevails. When the cobbler already spoken of, declared of a certain exceedingly prosperous man he had met, "He's a grand man surely; and a very successful man, I've been told,—in the mercantile way," there was no thought of satire in his mind. The subconscious assumption of his mind simply was that success or non-success in no way affected a man's personal distinction, which was all that mattered: with the hint that mercantile men did not often win such distinction. And in that he only expressed a general conception. Assumptions of superiority are resented as fiercely as vulgar curiosity. There is no superiority; or if there be, it is all lost. That was the seat of anger against the squirearchy who are passing away. That cobbler sprang from a kingly sept; and if he made no assumption, who was the landlord's agent that he should assume? A local doctor was an O'Clery; and in the name of the Four Masters, said he, who was a certain land-owner that she should object to entertaining him? Did not her father sell groceries? It was wise, he said, that these ranks, which were probably not pleasing to God, should be dismissed; but by what right were they being assumed by those that had no call to them? And so through the whole of the modern structure of society, in the conscience and temper of the people, the old conservative order thrusts its way.

It is, in short, a national order thrusting itself steadily for-

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ward, continually and increasingly asserting itself against the denials of that order by an incoming and foreign race. Its lines of thought, its instincts of development, its desires for progress, its assumptions of that which makes distinction, and all that else which distinguishes one people from another, have a marked idiom and idiosyncrasy of their own; and he will make a considerable mistake who considers that that which is held desirable in England or elsewhere will also be held desirable in Ireland. That has been very noticeable lately when certain men have arisen in Ireland with ideals for her destiny and economy. In nearly every case these ideals are found, on candid examination, to be the old instincts working their way again through the modern moulds of thinking. They may be deliberately so; or they may not. Looked at in themselves they seem to be no more than practical proposals to suit modern needs, spontaneous ideas to solve modern problems. It is only when one comes to look back along the history of the nation that one finds how deep-set they, or the ideas that gave rise to them, are in the national instincts as revealed in the framework they once erected.

For instance there is the Irish Agricultural Organization Society, first created by Sir Horace Plunkett, and inspired by that prophet in modern Ireland, the poet, painter, seer and agricultural economist, George Russell, better known under the pen-name of A. E. Both as originally conceived and as since inspired, it is, on its negative and its positive sides, a startling irruption of Irish ideas as against a superimposed foreign mould of thought. For one thing, it at once cuts away a Parliamentary system and the whole modern conception of a centralized machine. Such a system never had a place in an Irish Polity; and it happens moreover, to be proving itself cumbersome and ridiculous in modern States. In contradistinction to such a system, it proceeds directly to the people, and seeks to re-create a nation in terms of itself and not in terms of a machine. Moreover, it completely sets aside the industrial, financial and commercial conceptions of a people's existence, that prevail in modern States, that stultify intelligence and ruin physique, that quench the divinity in man, and blister the fair bosom of Earth into monstrous cities that are three parts slumdom, or turn beautiful

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counties into vast clinker patches, and are leading directly to huge internecine revolts. Instead of this mad and monstrous world blighting the hopes of men like a nightmare, the old order of an agricultural people is being erected.

One need only have drawn upon common-sense, however, to have come thus far. The idea of an agricultural people may be strange in a modern world; but it does not reveal a distinctive working out of national conceptions. Even the idea of coöperation is not distinctive, though it reflects with some precision the clan conception of mutual aid and responsibility. But when one sees such coöperative units becoming the centres of a new social order and civilization, then it is not difficult to discover the old tribal system working its way out again into a national polity. For as A. E. has declared,* the central idea of the I. A. O. S. has now come to be, not merely the provision of trading facilities in sale and purchase for the farmer, but the "creation of a rural civilization." More explicitly he declares: "Ireland has gained nothing in national character by the farce of a feudal system which existed during the last century. The movement I am writing about is an attempt to build up a true social order." And of this social order he says, in words that are more significant since they are not occupied, even remotely, with anything beyond an immediate state of affairs: "A social order should provide for three things—for economic development, for political stability, and a desirable social life."

In short, the old tuathal polity: under differing conditions, but with the same ideals before it and instincts behind it. So it is in its broad outlines; but when one comes to examine its closer details the similarity of inspiration becomes more and more striking, and in ways where the accident of circumstance precludes the possibility of an intentional coincidence. To take the central remarkable thing: who, for instance, is he, who has provided this inspiration? A poet and a seanchaidhe. Who are they whom he has for following, and with whom he gathers? Poets, seanchaidhthe and doctors of learning. The coincidence is at least interesting; and it is not less interesting to find that the whole movement rose concurrently with, though seemingly with-

* See his remarkable little book *Coöperation and Nationality.*

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out reference to, the making of a new literature for Ireland, the attention given to the old myths and legends, the research among the old records scattered throughout Europe and forgotten for many a day, and the league for the revival of the Gaelic tongue and the old customs. Strictly considered, comparing the treatment given to the makers of beauty in the modern State with that which was accorded to them in the older and simpler States, it provides the only organization in which a personal sense of beauty may thrive, or the passion for beauty which builds the Temple of Art. It was not schemed to that end: it was originally devised to provide the farmer with cheaper manure and to sell his dairy produce more fairly for him by cutting away the middleman. But it arose out of the revival of poetry and the arts; it was inspired by a poet and artist; and it proposes to re-create a system which, when it held sway once before in the nation, held together society and economics, crowning them with the making of the arts and the acquisition of learning. It is difficult not to see the unifying principle of the old instinct behind it all; and some of A. E.'s own words show very clearly that he has come to realize the source of the driving power, and the end it is seeking. This is none other than the re-creation of the national organization: of which conception he is in no small degree the inspired prophet, at one time the visionary and practical economist. As we have seen, throughout the country memory is stirring in her vaults of sleep. The question for the future is how these stirrings may be caught up in one inspiration, so that the spaces between them may be filled, and, in the rapid shaping that would ensue, an impetus be given to the present patient direction of things.

That question remains for the future. But already a movement has been born that should assist towards this end: in the league of "The United Irishwomen." It is a kind of handmaid to the I. A. O. S.; and its object is to create social centres throughout the country by banding the women together. Naturally it would use the same units as the agricultural society; and the two, working along the same lines, may well strike upon many of the tribal demarcations, since, now as of old, the happiest adjustments will be those that frame a geographical unity.

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It has put its hand to no small task. To create such entities, that shall maintain social courtesies and obligations, foster social efforts and build up an independent and interdependent, recreative and remunerative, civil body, is to do more than solve the problem of rural depopulation: it is to undertake an answer to the central difficulty in the way of a possible tribal reconstruction. One may be very sure that in the old tuath there was no tedium in the social life; and, despite the change in time, one may permit the notion that what was once, again may be. At least, for the goal to be reached that the blind desire seems to ache after, the answer must be found; and it certainly is noteworthy that this league should be striving to find that answer although there is no hint that the goal has been intended.

Clearly this sets aside a political system. It would be impossible to realize so long as the country was part of the political system of a people of an alien cast of thought. It demands a nation that must be sufficient to itself, to work out its own destiny, undeterred and unharassed by the impositions of some other power, some power whose rule has meant incalculable misery in the past. Even within the time of writing one has seen that foreign political system enforce the point of this by checking thriving industries in the interests of its own traders—even as it did in historical times. No peoples can work justly together the drifts of whose instincts are so sharply different; and therefore Ireland must be free to undertake her own destiny before the injuries of the past can ever be set at rest. That may be taken as the central and indispensable thing before a nation in Ireland can be said to possess its own soul. But when that has been achieved, one may divine that a political system will again be set aside—not this time a political system whose seat is outside her shores, but a system equally alien to the instincts of her people. If the present drift of things matures itself (deriving as it does from a deep-set idiom of the national mind), a largely decentralized system will take its place, and an organization arise where the separate units will not look supinely to a central body of talkers, but will work out their own careers in the acts of creation and initiation, each unit blending and vying with another in accomplishment and prowess. Were

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this so, the senseless multiplication of machinery would cease, and the nation become constituent of itself and not encumbered about with officials altogether ignorant of local needs and prejudices.

In short, a nation would arise. If these papers have served any purpose they have shown that there has ever been, in early expression, in the hour of prosperity, and in the darkest adversity, a nation in Ireland, ready and apt to articulate itself. But not till the articulation has once again begun to be uttered can the nation fully be said to be, however fully the constituents may exist. And not until all those constituents have been expressed in its polity can any nation be said truly to exist. No parliamentary system can give that whole and complete expression. The development of other nations has proved that only too tragically. It is a system that has failed in the countries that created it. It never expressed the Irish mental idiom; and even when it existed there, having been transplanted from England with English settlers, it left the nation at large untouched and uninterested. The national instinct worked along other lines; it expressed itself in other ways: in decentralization rather than centralization, in initiative and creative act rather than in the making of a cumbersome statutory machinery, in the resolute independence and virility of its units rather than in the serfdom of whole vast helpless masses of people to their chosen representatives. So it has been in the past history of the nation; so we have found it again in the spontaneous tentative gropings of its recent desires, when a new expression arose with a new freedom. The whole body of the past is in the present act; and a little careful investigation shows it implicit there. And if she gather her indisputable greatness about her there is nothing to show what the future may not have for Ireland. She has learnt in adversity; she has her own greatness before her in the past; she has the tragical failures of others before her in the present; and she has it in her own hands to show what Humanity and Beauty may mean in a nation.

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PARTY GOVERNMENT A FAILURE

FRANK CRANE

LET me set down succinctly some of the reasons why some of us who claim we are good citizens decline to join a political party.

We do not believe in the party system.

That parties are an established fact, and the only practical means, supposedly, by which a man may make his political influence felt, is not an argument that convinces us.

We use parties to a certain extent, but it is only for the same reason that a farmer uses a sharpened stick when he cannot get a plough, or a carpenter whittles a board smooth with his jack-knife when he has no plane. Because an instrument is all you have is no proof it is of any account.

The party system was not intended by the founders of this government. They clearly warned against it. These founders were not all wise, but they knew a thing or two.

The American ideal is an Organized Democracy, that is, the organization of all the people in each local district in order to get what public things they want, and the federation of these districts into larger groups and into a nation, for the same purpose.

A political party is not an organization of the whole people. It is composed of a part of the people presumably united by common principles. Experience has shown that these principles, under actual working, flatten out into platitudes, and that the main cohesive power is that of public plunder. The change from Taft to Wilson took place without a jolt to government or a flutter in the stock market; because the people had no definite conviction that the transfer would result in anything beyond the fact that in some way the change would do us good.

When a man is known to belong to a political party, all his opinions are labelled and discounted. He is not considered sincere. The imputation is usually just. Even judges of the Supreme Court vote with their party on party issues. (See the Electoral Commission.)

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Management of city and State elections through party machinery is a great source of corruption. There is no imaginable reason why the Mayor of Chicago or St. Louis should be a Republican or a Democrat.

The perfect efficiency of a party organization makes it an easy prey to the debauching influence of criminal wealth-units. You cannot corrupt a democracy, a whole people; you can very easily corrupt a small group of bosses.

The whole boss system is a product of the political parties.

Parties originate in and are made possible by a lack of civic conscience and organization among the people. They are caused by indifference among the many, which is exploited by the interested few.

The claim of the party to be a practical organization of the people is deceptive; it is due to a lack of organization. If the people were organized, there would be no parties such as we have.

There is about as much sense in parties in politics as there is in sects in religion. There is no reasonable difference nowadays between a Presbyterian and a Congregationalist. The only reason the sects continue to exist is because they have existed. They represent nothing but dead issues. On all live issues they are at accord. So also political parties mean nothing. They are dead skin and ought to be sloughed off.

The party system proposes to run a popular government, to bring to pass the will of the people, by organizing competing groups, by class war and sectarian strife. It is the worn-out principle of competition applied to government.

The effect, which is competition's historic effect everywhere, is waste, confusion, a bewildered people and a few satisfied bosses.

To be sure, the party plan is in use in all the constitutional governments of Europe as well as in America, and we are bludgeoned with this tough fact.

"And yet I shew unto you a more excellent way."

That way is simply Organized Democracy. It means the organization of the entire body of citizens in any given community, without regard to varying opinions, in order to get those public goods which the majority want.

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In other words, it is the New England Town Meeting in local affairs and Federation in State and national affairs.

This idea of interesting the entire population of a city or township in politics is not an academic dream. It is practical. To bring it to pass these things are needed.

First, to get the people to see the need of it, to realize its importance, to perceive the immense advantages that would accrue and the vast waste and corruption it would eliminate. "Where there is no vision the people perish." Those of us, therefore, who are devoting our whole energy toward making the people understand the utility and feasibleness of an Organized Democracy think we are doing quite as much for our country as those who are "whooping it up for old Bill Jones" for Governor and delivering speeches about the grand old party, appealing to the ignorant partisan madness of the mob.

To secure an Organized Democracy, we shall have to begin at the only place any real reform can begin, with the public schools.

Train the children in two things; first, in Civic Conscience; second, in the art of Self-government.

Democracy ought to be the religion of the public school. Mazzini said that whoever should make a religion of democracy would transform the world.

Politics ought to be the sacred duty of every man and woman. Without politics our republic is impossible. Yet, as it is, our children hardly hear the word politician except in a setting of contempt. They are taught, by their environment, by the atmosphere of both home and school, to despise that very thing they ought to reverence,—politics, or the art of self-government. You might as well expect to produce a religious, orthodox community of adults in a mediæval town by teaching the children to spit upon the cross and deride the Church as to expect to secure a nation of rationally self-governing adults who in their adolescence have been made to believe that politics is essentially degrading.

Secondly, children in the public schools should be trained in self-government. Our present schools are autocracies. How do you suppose we are going to prepare children for democracy

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by immersing them all through their youth in surroundings of monarchy?

Every school should be drilled in the science of electing its own officers, and ruling itself by public opinion. Teachers should be selected who are able to accomplish this. Autocracy, rigid one-man power, authoritative discipline among children sends them out into the world as juicy prey to the "easy boss."

What we really have children in school for is that they may be prepared for life. And to this end it is vastly more important that they develop a civic conscience, and that they be schooled to get what they want in an organized way, than that they learn Cæsar's *Commentaries* and the integral calculus.

Look about you! The people everywhere are swindled, brow-beaten, preyed upon by privileged men or companies. They don't know how to get their rights. They are pushed about like "dumb, driven cattle." They stand with their mouths gaping open while the sons of privilege go through their pockets.

Will party organizations remedy this? They never have remedied it. They never will remedy it.

Nothing will remedy it but to return to real democracy. There can be no democracy without organization. A perfect democracy is a perfectly organized people.

Why, then, are we not socialists?

Because, although socialism proposes many desirable ends, it proposes nothing that cannot better be secured by Organized Democracy. The fundamental principles of this country, as expressed in its two historic institutions, the New England Town Meeting and the Federation of the States, are amply sufficient. Besides, they have the highest patriotic feeling behind them, while socialism has a few foreign flavors not to our American palate.

To sum up, political parties have had their day and ought to go, as being hollow, empty shells. In their place put Organized Democracy. Secure this by, first, making people *see* the need and practicableness of it; then by developing civic conscience by our educational system and drilling the children in self-government.

Therefore, while we do not abstain from politics, and while

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we use parties now as we use a dull hatchet in want of a good one, we still pray, in the words of Madison Cawein, in the March FORUM, for the coming of that Spirit of Democracy, which we believe to be the very Spirit of God, that

> "Shall put down hate and strife's insanity;
> That Common-Sense, the Lion-Heart, now sick,
> Forth from his dungeon cell
> Go free,
> With Song, his bold Blondel;
> With his glad coming warm
> The land to one accord, one sympathy
> Of soul."

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JOSEPHINE BUTLER AND THE ENGLISH CRUSADE

ANNA GARLIN SPENCER

I

THERE has always been a close connection between prostitution and militarism. War has given the captured women of the enemy into the hands of the victorious troops for hideous exploitation, as it has devoured the harvests and destroyed the homes of the conquered people. The armies of imperial nations resident in subject provinces have always menaced the virtue, as they have despoiled the substance, of the native population. The sailor is represented in the popular song as "having a wife in every port," and the sailor of the navy, the "man behind the gun," is not expected by many people to refrain from sex-association because his business makes marriage difficult and the duties and enjoyments of home life impossible. Moreover, the homage which popular sentiment still pays to soldiers and naval men as "defenders of their country" (whether or not they ever see real service in that direction) has always tended toward excuses for loose living by such men when "off duty." Hence the "permissive regulation" of prostitution in modern times has always and everywhere reached its baldest license of State provision and protection in connection with standing armies and ports of naval resort. Such permissive regulation has also reached its acme of effort toward the control of diseases incident to vice in that same relationship to standing armies and naval troops. The army and navy man becomes by virtue of his vows a special functionary of the State and hence he can be subjected to governmental restraints which civilians would not tolerate in their own case. Compulsory sanitary rules, therefore, which in civil life can never be applied to any but prostitute women, criminals and paupers, can be, and are applied to self-supporting and self-respecting men in the army and navy. To be sure, Dr. Eugenio Fazio, when elo-

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quently defending the system of State license of vice, declared the inefficacy of compulsory medical control in the prevention of disease applied only to one sex, and suggested "subjecting to medical inspection some classes of men that spread the largest amounts of disease, as for instance, workmen, soldiers and sailors." The average workman, however, would resent such an inference concerning his private habits, and could not be forced to accept such a system of constant control; and since in democratic nations the "workmen" constitute a majority of the electorate, they cannot be secured against the "black plague" in such a manner. Nor would "common sailors," who are now moving toward a recognition of their rights as human beings in a series of new laws safeguarding their interests, be likely to step back into a condition where they were treated with ignominy, as a class needing special restrictions, regardless of their private character as individuals. The only classes of law-abiding and self-supporting men that any modern Government can force to medical examination of the same sort enforced upon prostitute women in State regulation, are soldiers of the army and navy, the men who have been hired to prepare themselves for possible service to their country in fighting, and who are thereby cut off from the ordinary rights and obligations of civil life. This is the reason why the high centres of control of the army and navy of all modern nations lead in the movement toward stringent medical supervision of both the men under their command and of the women with whom they associate. They not only deal with men more likely than others to be sufferers from diseases incident to vice, but also with men who can be controlled by their officers and the medical staff associated with them, as no other men can be. The history of the English occupation of India, and the legislation of British governors in other foreign lands, clearly show the tendency of military regulations toward State license of vice; and the attempt to introduce similar measures into the garrison towns of Great Britain was a proof that what has once been accepted as necessary in connection with the army and navy in foreign lands may easily be pressed as necessary for the home towns in which army troops are quartered. The common soldier, used in foreign

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lands to Government provisions for vice, and some measure of protection against its results, may sing with Kipling:

> "Ship me somewheres East of Suez,
> Where the best is like the worst,
> Where there ain't no Ten Commandments,"—

if left unassisted in his own country when he sets out to "have a good time." The officer, and especially the medical man in command may easily learn to rebel, in his own country, against legal obstacles which prevent that entire control of the goings and comings of subordinates which has been secured to him in another land.

The vital connection between militarism and legalized vice is shown when that sense of absolute authority, bred in the leadership of standing armies and big navies "on a peace footing," passes over into a claim to rule all civil conditions in the supposed interest of the soldier class; and this vital connection between militarism and legalized vice is distinctly shown in the history of regulation in Great Britain.

This point is becoming pertinent to the discussion of the whole question of State-regulated vice in the United States, since powerful influences in our country are all the while pressing for more men to be retired from normal social and economic condition to man bigger warships and a larger standing army. The whole history of the English crusade against State license of vice furnishes an essential study for all students of that subject to which we in our country are being forced by the logic of moral and economic reform; for this English crusade is an outgrowth of the Anglo-Saxon temperament, inheritance and ideals, and it shows for all time how our own special type of human creature must face the issues involved. It shows how militarism always fosters assaults upon personal liberty and how moral standards of simple justice to all classes may be submerged by considerations of advantage to a privileged class when once it is admitted that there are "necessary exceptions" to the law of equality of rights.

The change from the mediæval type of State regulation of vice to the present mixed condition of laws against, but practice

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in favor of, the social evil, has been a part of our inheritance from England. English law and custom have persisted in our statutes and court practice, our police regulation and our common usage. In England, however, this confusion of difference between law and practice was rudely shaken into conscious debate on the essentials of ethics involved, by the presentation to Parliament in 1864 of a "Bill for the Prevention of Contagious Disease." This was an act of such importance, and the history which followed is so vital to an understanding of the whole subject of legal treatment of the social evil, that it may be safely affirmed that since that debate in England no social worker, no ethical teacher, no jurist, municipal executive or police court officer, interested in this question, has a moral or intellectual right to neglect a careful study of that debate and of its results in the legislation of Great Britain. Ignorance on these points argues unfitness for instruction of the public upon the subject; since in this, as in many other important matters of public welfare, it has been the fortune of our Mother Country to work out for the Anglo-Saxon civilization, and on the basis of a growing democracy which roots in ancient love of liberty and respect for personal rights, problems of vital significance. That English history may be summarized as follows:

The English Common Law, dating back to the time of Queen Elizabeth, as laid down in Burn's *Justice of the Peace* (Maule's Edition), gives a basic legislation against all "disorderly houses." It declares that "although lewdness be properly punishable by the ecclesiastical law, yet the offence of keeping a bawdy-house cometh also under the law temporal, as a common nuisance; not only in respect of its endangering the public peace, by drawing together dissolute and debauched persons, but also in respect of its apparent tendency to corrupt the manners of both sexes." Thus, in the most explicit manner and in the most fundamental law of our own civilization, *the distinction is made between personal wrong-doing, which is a matter of individual character, and public provision for such wrong-doing.* In no way could the rational basis for the abolishing of the commercialized brothel be better shown than in this ancient law; and the distinction it makes between the personal sin and the socially

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dangerous institution, clearly proves that in our inherited law is full warrant for abolishing that commercialized institution of vice without attempting the Puritan method of cruel treatment of all who fail to keep the moral law in the matter of personal purity. Later, in the time of George II, statutes were enacted to "encourage prosecutions against persons keeping bawdy-houses, gaming-houses, or other disorderly houses"; by which statutes any two legally qualified "taxpaying citizens" by giving written notice to a constable of the existence of such a place, and swearing to their opinion of its character, and securing proper evidence in substantiation of their charge were empowered to "collect ten pounds from the overseer of the parish" for helping to secure the conviction of the misdemeanants involved. In the time of George III the overseer of the parish was empowered to take the place of the constable in such prosecutions; and in the time of George IV the punishment for those convicted of such offences was not only made more severe but "imprisonment at hard labor in lieu of other punishments" marked the passing of "whipping" and "exile" into the modern method of imprisonment for crime.

In the reign of Victoria the Towns Police Clauses Act greatly simplified the process by which the disorderly features of public houses could be abolished as common nuisances. This Act declared that "every person keeping any house, shop, room, or other place of public resort, within the limits of the special Act for the sale and consumption of refreshments of any kind, who knowingly suffers common prostitutes or reputed thieves to assemble and continue on his premises shall, for every such offence, be punished"; and the varied degrees of punishment are carefully defined in this law. The attitude of many later acts of Parliament is also clearly shown to be antagonistic to the brothel and aimed at making it easy for law-abiding citizens, and those interested in decent living, to get rid of such places as "common nuisances." The fundamental laws of England, therefore, forbid this business of public prostitution. The fundamental laws of our country, following those of England, forbid it in the same manner. Any "license" or "tolerance" or "permission" or "tacit allowance," therefore, which court, or

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police practice, may give, are and must be against these fundamental laws, and hence must get around them by undercurrent methods and special powers granted to certain officials, all of which are inconsistent with the distinctly expressed purpose of those laws.

These undercurrent tolerations and inconsistent exceptions to the enforcement of law have been of two specialized sorts, and have been directed toward minimizing two forms of social evil always in evidence where vice is allowed to settle into an institutionalized brothel. The first of these is the evil of public disorder, of open street solicitation, and the increased temptation to social vice following its alliance with the saloon, the gaming place, and the music and dance hall. This class of evils has led to attempts at greater severity of punishment for those among brothel-keepers who thus outrage public decency and thus aggressively aid in corrupting youth. It has led to greater severity of punishment, also, to those prostitutes who ply their trade in the open and in well-travelled streets. The desire to secure greater public order has furnished the motive power for sensational "raids" upon disorderly houses; raids which have indeed betrayed in spasmodic action the uneasiness of the public conscience touching the whole matter, but which have seldom resulted in permanent diminution of the evil. The second form of undercurrent and inconsistent methods of dealing with the social evil has been that resulting from the attempt to make vice less dangerous to the public health. This has always and everywhere resulted in creating and maintaining a privileged class, and, as we have seen in a previous paper, a very small privileged class among those women who get their living by vice. This aristocracy among prostitutes consists wholly of those who consent to be registered in definite terms of description of their calling, who consent to live in a segregated quarter, and who obediently and promptly submit to all the sanitary regulations laid down for them. This select class by obedience to these special requirements is exempted from punishment. To this small class must be added a second much larger one which occupies a perilous and precarious half-privilege, namely, those who secure freedom from police activity against them by paying for immu-

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nity directly to the police officials. In all these arrangements the discrepancy between the fundamental and never-repudiated law against vice as a public trade, and the police regulations which permit a modicum of public vice for special considerations, is clearly to be seen, and cannot be denied. That discrepancy, however, has been slurred over and befogged with words, the intent of which is to obscure the actual meaning of the two-faced law and practice.

In the relation of England to other, and especially to Oriental peoples, however, the veil has been promptly torn away, and the whole matter set in clear light for all to read who desire to know the facts. In India the "Queen's women" were openly set aside for the use of the British soldiers during the reign of "Victoria the Good." Those high in her Majesty's service are on record as sending ahead of the arrival of a regiment of troops at a garrison town the requests that the local authorities procure "more, and more attractive women," than were provided at preceding visits, "as a measure of health for the soldiers." The women provided were, of course, native women, and the power of the British officers could easily provide the number thought essential to the soldiers' health.

In Hong Kong, as long ago as 1857, an ordinance was passed by the rulers of the British Colony in which power was given to the "Registrar-General to grant to any person whom he shall think fit a license to keep a brothel in such district or locality as the Governor in Council may from time to time appoint"; and every keeper of such brothel was required to pay "four dollars a month to the Registrar-General during the continuance of the license or such other sum as may from time to time be fixed by the Governor in Council"; said sums to be applied toward the administrative and hospital expenses involved in the duties outlined. This ordinance, which gave extraordinary powers to the Registrar-General to "certify any house" he might "declare to be such a brothel," and which definitely stated all the points of obedience required to insure that such places were kept in a "legal and proper manner," was issued by "her Majesty's Plenipotentiary and Chief Superintendent of the trade of British subjects in India," and reveals in its high-

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sounding titles the alliance of legalized vice not only with military supremacy but also with "big business." This ordinance also shows an early attempt to force certain classes of men (those alone who can be so forced) under the same sanitary rule to which the women are subjected. Not only were soldiers to be so subjected, but a clause makes "seamen found in a licensed boarding-house liable to medical examination and to be removed by warrant to a hospital if found diseased," and "discharged only when cured," although they must "pay the debt due to the Crown" for this compulsory treatment. In 1870-71 laws were put into effect in Bombay which embodied many features of the Hong-Kong ordinance, but were more explicit in medical requirements. Under this Contagious Diseases Act the island was divided "for purposes of Registration and Examination into six districts," and each placed under "the immediate superintendence of a medical inspector," the extent of the districts being outlined on the basis of the "supposed number of prostitutes in each so that each inspector would be given about the same amount of work."

There can be no reasonable doubt that familiarity with the ideas and practices involved in British rule in foreign lands led directly to the introduction of similar ordinances for the control of the social evil in the garrison towns of Great Britain itself.

How long the Lords of the Admiralty and the War Office were at work to initiate this new legislation we do not know; but it is a matter of history that in 1864, at two in the morning of a night session of Parliament, the Contagious Diseases Act was presented, read for the first time, one week later read a second time, and referred to a committee known in advance to be favorable to its passage. One month later it became the law of the land. There was practically no open discussion of it in Parliament itself, and the country at large was entirely ignorant of the true nature of the act. The misleading title led many members of Parliament, as they afterwards affirmed, to "vote for it under the idea that it was an added protection against diseased cattle"; and not one in ten who voted for it, it is said, "had read the bill or understood its meaning." "Two years

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later," says William Burgess, in his account of *The Battle for Social Purity in England,* "by similar stealthy methods the act was amended to extend its operations, and in 1869 it was further extended to apply in all large military stations of England and Ireland with the avowed intention of its supporters to make it cover the whole country."

What was the intent of this act, and how did it operate?

In the first place, although soldiers were not mentioned in its provisions, it was clearly intended for their special benefit, since its administration was put into the hands of local representatives of the Admiralty and War Office. This extended the jurisdiction of that office over civilians in a manner not justified by precedent of law save in cases of rebellion or grave public disorder which the local authorities had proved powerless to control. Thus the act became a species of "martial law," a thing in itself obnoxious to English-speaking people. Hale, in his *Common Law of England,* plainly declares, "Touching the business of martial law these things are to be observed, first, that in truth and reality it is not a law but something indulged because of the necessity of government, order and discipline in an army; and second, this indulged law is only to extend to the army and navy and never was so much indulged as intended to be executed or exercised upon others." Hence the first constitutional count against the Contagious Diseases Act was the manner of its administration by a central governmental power rather than by a local body of civil officers.

In the second place, this act established a special police, disguised in plain clothes, to watch all women and to "arrest all whom they had good cause to believe were prostitutes," and to register all such suspected persons as "public women," and to secure their periodical inspection by medical officers who were to be officially appointed and paid out of public funds, and who were absolutely free to exercise their judgment in giving these women a "ticket of health or in holding them in a Lock hospital for treatment for any term not to exceed one year." The process by which the women were thus placed under bonds to the medical department was what has always been known in England, and is known equally in our own legal practice, as a

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"summary proceeding." This summary proceeding consisted simply of the accusation of a woman by the plain-clothes policeman, whose efficiency and reward were involved in his zeal in such business; a notice in writing issued by the justice before whom the charge was made "if he thinks fit to issue it," and caused to be "served upon her by the superintendent of police"; the "appearance of the woman or by some person in her behalf at the time and place appointed in the notice"; and the justice present, "if the charge is substantiated to his satisfaction," and "if he thinks fit," ordering that the woman be subject to a periodical examination by the visiting surgeon; and the law declared that the "said order shall be a sufficient warrant for the visiting surgeon to conduct such examination."

All such medically inspected persons were necessarily placed on the register of the police as public women. Thus it will be seen that England, for the first time in its history of penology, introduced into a legally constituted court a system by which the personal judgment of a few persons took the place of proof of guilt before the sentence of accused persons. "If he has good cause to believe," "if he thinks fit," "to his satisfaction,"—all these allusions to individual judgment as basis for legal punishment are of the nature of despotic rule by the caprice of persons; they are out of drawing with the modern court requirements under constitutional government of "holding the accused guiltless until proved guilty," of having due trial by jury or open court procedure in which evidence by credible witnesses must be sifted and substantiated.

Lord Coke declares "to imprison a person after an inadequate trial by an inadequate tribunal is the worst oppression that is done by color of justice." Such an inadequate trial by an inadequate tribunal has characterized every form of State regulation by which prostitutes have been deprived of liberty as registered inhabitants of a segregated district subject to special regulations of living and forbidden personal freedom.

Said Herbert Spencer, in a protest against the Contagious Diseases Act, "Not only do its provisions make easy the establishment of charges against women by men who are placed under temptations to make them, but those men are guarded

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against penalties which attach in ordinary law to the making of false accusations." Hence the act was an invasion of personal rights guaranteed by the fundamental law of the land. Such "summary proceedings" had not been permitted to encroach upon the liberty of any human beings not legally defined as "slaves" since Magna Charta. That great certificate of personal liberty, which is a part of the very blood and structure of Anglo-Saxon civilization, declares, be it remembered, "No freeman shall be taken or imprisoned or dissiesed or outlawed or banished or anyways destroyed unless by the lawful judgment of his peers or by the law of the land; and we will not deny any man justice and right." Hallam calls these clauses the "essential clauses," because "protecting the personal liberty of all by giving security from arbitrary imprisonment and spoliation." Such clauses were specifically violated in the case of the Contagious Diseases Act, since under it no accused woman had trial by jury or had opportunity to summon witnesses to prove her good character, the "destruction" of which, in the eye of the public, was a permanent outlawry from decent society. Hence the act was a denial in the case of accused women of a certain supposed class of all the constitutional rights which other free citizens enjoyed.

In the third place, this act placed such women so accused, and proved guilty "to the satisfaction" of one officer of the law alone, subject to the power of medical officers in a manner which allowed a legal assault upon their persons. This constituted in effect, in this English law, as it had done and now does in every law which places a class of women under medical control (not for their own good but for the supposed benefit of those who patronize them in their calling)—a distinct slavery. The essence of slavery consists "in that it is a condition in which an individual is not master of his own person." The nature of this assault upon the personal liberty of women was for a long time concealed to the British public after the enactment of the Contagious Diseases Act by the use of the words "voluntary submission" in the description of the process by which their freedom was sacrificed. On this point no Continental law has excelled in definite deception the words of this act. The "volun-

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tary submission" offered a woman that the justice was "satisfied" should be registered and examined, was actually a choice between two extreme evils. The words are these: "Any woman in any place to which this act applies may voluntarily, by a submission in writing signed by her in the presence of and attested by the superintendent of police, subject herself to medical examination for any period not exceeding one year, such submission to have the same effect in all particulars as if the justice had ordered it." The order given to the police by the War Office added, "Should any woman object to sign she is to be instructed of the penal consequences attending such refusal, and the advantages of voluntary submission pointed out to her." The penal consequences attached to such refusal to make a voluntary submission were, in the act itself, conditioned upon a woman being unable to prove her innocence of the charges brought by the police against her at "an open trial before a magistrate." Hence the order from the War Office to the police was an intentional deception of the weak and ignorant and often foolish and illiterate women brought into the situation. The only real choice which even a perfectly innocent and good woman had was between a secret sentence to a year's absolute subjection to the police and medical authorities, to which her "voluntary submission" was obtained under duress, or a public trial of her virtue before a prejudiced court and a smirch upon her reputation as the very least penalty which would result. If it be claimed that few innocent women have ever been placed in such a difficult situation, let the words of Le Cour, the great apostle of Regulation, and the insatiable pursuer of women whom any police officer might accuse of immoral life be remembered when he declares that "hundreds of false accusations by anonymous letters and in other ways reached the Paris office of the Police Morals every week." Such an assault upon personal liberty, therefore, as this act contained, might be made upon the innocent; and in the case of the guilty, constituted their reduction to the status of public slaves. This has been acknowledged by many of the foremost advocates of such forms of State regulation of vice. Says one such advocate: "Prostitutes should be viewed only as physical facts, not as moral beings." Says an-

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other, a high officer in the medical department of his Majesty's Service in England, when asked, "Do you not consider at all the moral effect upon the women themselves of the working of this act?" "Not at all, prostitutes should be cleansed like public sewers for the public good."

Said Victor Hugo, speaking of similar laws of his own country, "it is asserted that slavery has disappeared from European civilization. This is an error. It exists still, but it weighs now only on women and it is called prostitution."

In Victor Hugo's France, in the days of the Commune, the decree of the Eleventh Arrondissement in May, 1871, ran as follows: "Considering that traffic in slaves is forbidden and slave merchants punished, and that in principle we cannot admit the commercial exploitation of human beings by other human beings, and that the so-called 'tolerated houses' have this character, be it enacted; That the so-called tolerated houses be closed and seals placed on the doors of these establishments."

In England, the passage of the Contagious Diseases Act legally established this "commercial exploitation of human beings by other human beings" which is in essence slavery, and set aside by "summary proceedings" a class of human beings to be thus legally exploited, and subjected them to the arbitrary dealing of a medical department whose power over them to "loose their bonds" or "tighten them" was practically unlimited. Had it been the daughters of the rich and powerful who were most liable to such dangers, the response of an outraged public sentiment, grounded in the constitutional rights of the land, would have been instantaneous. But it was the daughters of the poor, the friendless, and the unknown who were thus in danger of legal exploitation, for they alone were morally exposed to the full working of the law; and hence it was a long time before England woke to the fact that a new sort of legislation was being administered in relation to its garrison towns. One voice alone was lifted in protest before the act became a law, and that the voice of Harriet Martineau, then too old and too feeble to lead a strong opposition.

By 1866, however, the nation began to understand the significance of the act. And to one woman came a call to stir that

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nation to revolt. That woman was Josephine Butler, perhaps the most unique combination in moral reform of a lawyer's brain, a prophet's passion, a mystic's certainty of divine guidance, an orator's power of appeal, a poet's recoil from the ugliness of evil, and a mother's tenderness enlarged by sorrow and sympathy to enfold a world of suffering and sin. When the new abolition movement has triumphed, when the traffic in womanhood has ceased, when the permitted brothel is unknown as an institution, when the slavery of the prostitute is ended with the abolition of man's " right of privilege " to hold her captive to his vicious indulgence, when these insuperable obstacles to a " white life for two " have been removed, mankind may at last begin true race culture on the basis of justice, wisdom and love. And when that time comes, the world will place high in some Temple of Remembrance of the great and good who have achieved this miracle of progress, the fragile figure and the sad and lovely face of Josephine Butler as the embodiment of the crusade for the better life.

[*To be continued*]

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THE RIVALS

SCUDDER MIDDLETON

SOMETIMES I wish that we had never met,
That I had never seen those eyes of yours
So wonderful and clear and full of youth;
That I had never taught my hands to know
And love the cool and golden of your hair;
For O, my love of you is full of pain,
Deep knowing pain that numbs my heart and soul
And fills my eyes with hot and bitter tears
Because of something that can never be.
O, I have lately learned to hate the sound
Of little children's feet, their little cries
Have mocked me when within your arms I lay,
And I have seen their tiny hands reach out
And take you from me in the lonely night—
O love, my love of you is full of pain.
Sometimes I wish that we had never met,
That I had gone the winding way of years
To dream some quiet dream and call it life—
This had been best I think for you and me.

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THE LITTLE RED BOOK

MINNIE J. REYNOLDS

THE Maltesi stood in a long line in the corridor of the city hall of Zolfo. In Zolfo the dry goods merchants are universally called Maltesi, which is to say, Men of Malta, relic of who knows what past epoch when the merchants of this Sicilian town came from Malta, or dealt in goods from Malta.

Each Maltese had at least one little red book in his hand; sometimes as many as ten, twelve, fifteen little red books, all of exactly the same pattern.

Behind a little glass door in the wall stood a city official who seemed to be calling a roll. All the names upon the roll were those of women.

"Genna Santuzza."

"Moglia Concetta."

"Peroni Lucia."

The voice droned on, pronouncing the family name first and the given last, after the Italian manner.

Strange to say as each of these feminine names was called one of the Maltesi would step forward and present a little red book. Whereupon the clerk within would enter certain figures and pay over certain coin of the realm.

"Borassi Rosa," called the clerk, and a young merchant, a somewhat anxious and unprosperous looking young man, stepped forward. He had only one little red book.

The Maltesi were a set of taciturn and stoical seeming men, but at this a sort of noiseless stir seemed to run through the line, and some were seen to perform that act which the Italians call "smiling under the nose." The young merchant was perfectly aware of this, but he stepped stolidly up and received from the pompous official the sum of six lire; one dollar and twenty cents. Then he went away. He was a young man. He had only one little red book. He went away, and again the line of waiting men smiled "under the nose."

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"Mamma Rosa will never do it this time," said one of the portly, taciturn men to another.

"No, no," replied the other, "she is a dishrag."

Down on the shore of the African sea, the "mare Africano" of the Romans, Zolfo lay broiling in the sun that day. No one breathed in Zolfo in daytime in the summer. It lay on a narrow border of shore which surrounded a gulf, beneath a beetling, precipitous hillside, there on the South shore of Sicily. Towns, no more than babies, can choose their place of birth. They dug sulphur out of the side of that hill, and the boats came and loaded with it in the little port of Zolfo. It was too hard and too long to climb to the top of the hill, and there was no tramway or funicular to transport the people to the airy summit. So Zolfo lay and fried in her own juice, seasoned with sulphur, at the foot of her cliff.

They had a humorous saying in Zolfo—"We shall breathe up there." This was essentially Italian humor, which so often has something of the frightful in it. The people of Zolfo had placed their cemetery on the lofty hilltop. Most of the men of Zolfo got to the top of the hill at various times during their lives. But many a woman was born, had children, grandchildren, lived to old age and paid her first visit to the peak above in the hearse. So the Zolfiani used to look up at the peak in summer time and say, grinning, "We shall breathe up there."

Since it had no room to spread out, and could not climb, unless like a fly upon the wall of a house, Zolfo had perforce to grow more and more crowded. In those dark old stone houses, more like vaults than houses, how many creatures were crowded; human creatures and pigs and hens mixed in with them, and often a little donkey as well. And how many children came and went in those abodes. How many children the women had, in those dark, breathless stone houses; some twelve, some fourteen, some sixteen. They were near to nature in Zolfo. They bred as nature does; abundantly, lavishly, that out of the lavish abundance a few might be dragged up to maturity. Rarely indeed did the mothers of Zolfo raise more than three or four out of those great families.

But, strange to say, all those little dead babies, of which

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such countless numbers had come and gasped and gone their way to the hilltop in Zolfo, helped to raise their brothers and sisters who survived. For no sooner had the baby started on its ride up to the place where it could breathe than the mother started for the municipal foundling asylum. There she brought home a foundling to nurse, and a little red book. Each month she took the book to the city hall and received a dollar and twenty cents; each month as long as the baby lived.

If it were true that little brothers and sisters lived because of the dead babies, still truer and still more strange it was that grown-up sisters married because of them. This is a hard saying, and only to be understood by those who comprehend the corredo. For a man may make shift to feed his children by the shovels of sulphur he takes from the mountain side, but how shall he earn the corredo? The law of the corredo, unalterable as those of the Medes and Persians, rests like a pall over Sicily. It is the bride's trousseau, but besides her clothes it includes the bed and its furnishings, and the house linen for the new house to be furnished.

In a country where marriage is the only career for women, where economic conditions render it extremely difficult to support a wife, and whence large numbers of the young men continuously emigrate, the corredo is, indeed, the price which a family pays to buy a husband for a daughter. His price would be higher, of course, were not his feelings engaged. But lost indeed to a sense of his own worth and dignity must be a young Sicilian who would marry a girl who could not bring him a corredo. It is a blight resting upon the island; an expense invariably difficult to be borne. There are fathers of families who emigrate to America, and crowd the tenements of New York, and lower the standard of living of the American working class, because of the corredi of their daughters. There are brothers denied the right to their own love and marriage, because family pride puts their nose to the grindstone for years to provide the corredi for sisters. For Sicily is a land in which women cannot earn money.

Immemorial custom, based on that love of display which is an integral trait of the Sicilian character, causes the corredo to be brought in goods, often absurdly disproportionate to the sta-

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tion of the family, rather than in their equivalent in money. And lest the lover should be not sufficiently versed in women's gear, his female relatives watch the corredo in the making, and report to him its deficiencies. Then when he goes to call upon his beloved, acting upon information received, he may enliven the conversation with such remarks as "You haven't any bedspread; you must bring me a bedspread in the corredo," or "You must bring me four pairs of pillowcases, not two." The phrase indeed in Sicily which indicates wild, mad devotion, the upsurging of a passion which beats down all sane, normal considerations, is to say that a man took his wife "in camicia." Being translated literally this reads "in her shirt"; that is, without any corredo.

The accepted sum to be expended for the raw materials of a corredo among plain people of Zolfo was two hundred lire, forty dollars; said materials being then made up by the bride and her relatives. It is hard for a girl to marry without that sum in Zolfo. And it is a ghastly sum for the majority of the plain families in Zolfo to obtain.

How many children had Mamma Rosa had? She herself could not have told you. They had passed through her arms and away to that breathing place on the hill so many and so fast that she herself had forgotten how many there had been. Out of them all she had saved four alive. Four girls. A calamity; a disaster; a brooding burden of horror, in a poor Sicilian family where there are no brothers to help marry them off. For there is no future or place for such girls except in marriage. Some fathers will emigrate, submit to extraordinary sacrifices in such case. But Papa Borassi took no thought of the burden. It was a human impossibility for him to make enough to dower four daughters. Papa Borassi did not worry over impossibilities.

But Mamma, Mamma Borassi had married off three of those daughters. A forty-dollar corredo she had provided for each, a husband she had secured for each. With the milk of her breasts she had done it; the milk which those little dead babies on the peak required no longer, and which was therefore available for the succession of foundlings which had passed through her arms. It was so the women of the populace in Zolfo dowered their daughters and enabled them to marry. A dead baby,

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a foundling to take its place and a little red book in which the official each month noted the dollar and twenty cents paid by the city for its care and maintenance.

And since the making of the corredo required much time, all sewed by hand as it was, the foster mother often took her little red book direct to the Maltese; secured the dry goods on which her daughter's future happiness depended, and turned over the little red book to the merchant.

This explains that line of waiting Maltesi at the city hall, each there to collect his monthly stipend from the little red books consigned to him by the foster mothers of Zolfo. And each merchant had learned by experience to cast an appraising eye over the woman who brought him a little red book, to reckon the possibilities of the case, and decide whether she were a good risk or not. For if the foundling died, the payments on his goods would cease. And though he could claim and remove them, they might have assumed an unsalable form.

Often on a murky evening a grave and dignified Maltese might be seen picking his way through the slum streets of Zolfo, swarming with pigs, hens, donkeys and humans. He was in search of some certain foundling, bent on knowing whether it were in good condition or not. Poor little foundling; with only a dry goods man to care whether you lived or died. But the dry goods man, indeed, watched over the foundling as carefully as the women of those streets did over their little pigs. It was profit to him if it lived; financial loss if it died. So it was, in fact, to the foster mother also. She did not want the foundling to die. She gave it all she had. But sometimes nature did not provide enough, and then the foundling, like her own baby before it, must go up to the place where it could breathe better. In such cases a desperate Maltese had been known to carry a wretched little foundling home to his own well fed but disgusted wife, and pushing his own baby aside for the nonce, to see that the foundling got what would keep it alive.

It was experiences of this kind that caused the merchant who had married off Mamma Rosa's three elder daughters to refuse when she came to him the fourth time. He looked her over with appraising eye. She had been a magnificent creature,

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considered as an animal. For more than twenty years she had been famous to the municipality of Zolfo, for she had had from it an almost uninterrupted series of little red books. During all that time Mamma Rosa had been giving babies to the world; and when they died she had nourished others from what seemed a never failing source. But now it was true what the taciturn Maltese had said. "A dishrag," he had called her.

He looked her over and shook his head.

"Mamma Rosa," he said, "you cannot do it this time."

"What! I cannot do it? I?"

She felt herself offended in her dignity as a female; as a mother and feeder of the race. For so many years she had had no other function. She felt insulted at the insinuation that this function was to cease.

It was impossible to discuss matters with this taciturn Maltese. He remained perfectly silent while she expostulated. So that finally Rosa, maddened, was reduced to screaming ferociously in the street before his door. She called upon the passersby to resent the insult he had offered her. She harangued the crowd that gathered upon the many children she had borne and nursed. She called upon them to declare if the asylum authorities would have entrusted the foundling to her care if she had not been able to nourish it.

But at this not only the listening Maltese in his shop, but the crowd in the street smiled "under the nose." Zolfo had many foundlings. Zolfo was, indeed, too civilized to let them die unsuccored. It did, indeed, rescue them in a municipal asylum and board them out with foster mothers. But they were undeniably a source of expense to the taxpayers and of profit to nobody. On the other hand, everybody knew Mamma Rosa's fourth daughter, Tuzza. Everybody recognized the duty of old Rosa in the matter. It was her business to marry off her daughters. She had stood to her guns like a heroine, and without aid or help had succeeded in placing three of them decently and respectably for life. That she should be unable to do as much for the fourth was undoubtedly a disaster which commanded the sympathy of any ordinarily humane person.

Zolfo discussed Mamma Rosa's condition as openly and un-

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squeamishly as if she had merely had a cold. From the standpoint of common humanity it was manifestly more important that a daughter should be married off than that a foundling in which no one was interested should live.

Moreover, Mamma Rosa's private duty bore a direct relation to the public welfare and the municipal treasury. It was eminently proper that her daughter Tuzza should be married. It was eminently desirable that some man should be bound by law to support Tuzza's children. Else Tuzza in turn might perhaps begin to furnish foundlings for the municipal asylum. The function of women of Tuzza's class was to be mothers and feeders of infants. Society was not so organized in Zolfo as to furnish or even recognize any other function for them. Tuzza married would chain some man to the support of her children. Tuzza unmarried was distinctly a menace to the taxpayers.

Under the circumstances it was hardly strange that a harassed municipality should wink a minute when it gave old Rosa this last foundling, and this last little red book. Yet it made the crowd assembled in front of the Maltese's shop smile under the nose to hear Rosa calling the hospital authorities to witness that she was able to nurse this baby.

One after another Rosa visited the dry goods merchants to be refused by all, until finally she found a young man just starting in business. Because he was pressed for money he consented to take the risk. But he would not give Mamma Rosa the customary two hundred lire worth of materials. He would consent to only one hundred and forty lire, twenty-eight dollars' worth.

The female relatives of Pietro, Tuzza's lover, were called together in consultation. They examined the goods agreed upon, discussed the case in all its bearings. It was not, of course, what Pietro had a right to expect. Nevertheless, because of the affection of the young people, and because of Mamma Rosa's brave efforts, which everyone recognized as creditable to her, they decided to accept the corredo.

Now, indeed, began a time of happiness in the one large, dark ground floor room which served as the home of the Borassi. At the large street door, which furnished the only opening into

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the room, Tuzza sat all day sewing on her corredo; laughing and joking with passersby, displaying with pride the linen and muslin on which she sewed, the finished pieces which slowly accumulated in the great family chest in the corner. And ever and anon as she worked she would give the baby's cradle a push with her foot.

The cradle was a piece of sacking, fastened by cords to the wall across a corner of the room. In it, night and day lay the "trovatello"—the little foundling baby.

"Oh, bella, oh, what a retico baby this is," Tuzza would say occasionally, as she jogged the cradle and made it swing back and forth. "Retico" derives from "eretico"—heretic, and signifies in the dialect unquiet, discontented, troublesome; a bland and reasonable indictment of a heretic surely.

Tuzza was in fact very patient with the trovatello's crying. Her nerves were good, she was not disturbed. Perhaps the trovatello deserved her patience, since it was enabling her to marry. Nevertheless its screaming would have gotten on the nerves of a person less well poised.

The baby cried incessantly; night and day, night and day. Faint, shrill, agonized screams. One could but wonder, surveying it, where in its tiny body it found the strength for those incessant screams. The trovatello lived, but it did not grow at all. Only one portion of its anatomy grew. That was the thumb on its little left hand. The trovatello sucked this thumb all the time, and the thumb had grown until it was like a great puff ball, larger than the rest of the hand. It would have made some people a little sick to see it, but Tuzza did not mind it at all. Tuzza was going to be married.

One smothering evening Pietro came to take his beloved for a walk down by the water edge, where there was a little breath more air. No engaged couple can walk out alone in Sicily, even in broad daylight. The girl's reputation would be forever ruined. So shapeless old Rose had to waddle along too. Papa Borassi was off about his own business, so the trovatello had to be left alone. But who, indeed, would injure the little creature? It was quite safe.

The moonlight that night was that amazing, that dumb-

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founding summer moonlight of Sicily; so thick, so golden, that it seems almost a thing tangible; with something in it almost dangerous, which mounts to the head so that one can understand that saying that people are turned mad by moonlight. One finds in Sicily the tradition of the lupe manaro; the man who, when the moon is full, goes out and howls like a wolf. Tuzza and Pietro were excited by it. It was hard on old Rose, who must thus waddle and waddle after her day's work. They would not leave it. They walked in it interminably, giggling and whispering.

All this time the trovatello alone in its cradle in the dark room was crying. All the long evening its feeble, gasping wails were heard in the neighborhood. They did not disturb any one much, for they scarcely penetrated beyond the open door. Those who heard them merely said: "the trovatello," shrugged their shoulder and gave voice to some idle speculations. They seemed, however, to disturb the rest of an old hen who was setting in her basket fastened high upon the wall, for she uttered at times that low, speculative, talking note, in which hens seem to be discussing matters of interest. The old hen had raised many chickens in that room. When one of them got lost, and shrieked its fear in frightened peep, the old hen would act quite crazily until she found the wanderer. Possibly she was wondering, as she said things in a low voice to herself, why its mother did not come to this peeping chick in its cradle.

Finally old Rosa, weary with toddling, managed to get the lovers home. As they reached the black pool of the open door she stopped them with upraised finger.

"Zitti, per carita—hush, for pity's sake," said she softly. "That screaming child is asleep at last. Be careful not to wake it. Let us have a moment's peace."

But she herself, as she shuffled in to find the candle, stumbled against something which fell with a crash. She stopped stock still for a moment, resigned to the expected wail. Then, with nervous haste, she found and lit the candle and rushed over to the cradle. Why did not the baby wake—which woke at the buzzing of a fly?

A frightened cry came from the cradle side, a cry for help.

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Tuzza leaps to her mother's side. But the worthy Pete is a prudent lad. He lingers cautiously by the door without a word. Old Rosa is struggling madly with something at the cradle. What is it? It is the cord, one of the cords that tie the square of sacking to the wall. Does Mamma Rosa wish to cut the cord? Ah, no; she tears at it, with desperate, fumbling fingers, and finally it loosens; one corner of the sacking trails down, and the trovatello rolls out upon the floor.

Then Mamma Rosa runs shrieking through the door and calls all the neighbors in to see. Ah, is it not a pity? The poor trovatello! The cord of the cradle has come untied while they are out, the baby has fallen on the floor, it is dead. Alas, poor little one!

Tuzza weeps with her mother, but the worthy Pete says not a word. He quietly disappears.

All the next day, although he knows the anguish with which Tuzza must await him, he does not come near. His mother and his older married sister come, however. They come with pursed up lips and cold and self-contained looks. In response to Rosa's wild entreaties they consent not to break the engagement immediately. They consent to wait till night. Wait, wait, only wait a little, pleads Rosa, with all the tropic wealth of tragedy which South Latin blood and adoring motherhood can supply.

So they sit all day, waiting. The Maltese also waits. He has put his wife in his store, he waits silently and sullenly in the Borassi home, guarding his goods. Rosa has vanished. Tuzza sits in tears, far too despondent over her own troubles to attend to the baby. A neighbor woman comes in and prepares the trovatello for its ride up the hill. If she notices that there is no wound, no bruise on its little body, she says nothing. The Sicilians talk much and rapidly, but on some things it is not necessary to advise them to silence. The officer who comes to take official cognizance of the death, also offers no comment. The baby's little body is a mere skeleton. How could it possibly have weighed down the cord? The dreadful, enlarged thumb is plain to be seen, now that it is no longer in the baby's mouth.

Drearily the long hot hours creep by, and at dusk the munici-

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pal dead cart comes to take the baby away. There is no priest, no service at all. They are putting the trovatello in a rough little box. The merchant and the mother and sister of Peter are feeling that it is useless to wait longer. They rise, the merchant begins to gather up his goods. Tuzza's sobs break out afresh, heartbrokenly.

Suddenly there is a ferment without. The neighborhood, which has also been waiting, is accompanying Mamma Rosa to the door. She rushes in, her face triumphant, radiant. Tuzza gives a cry of joy. The harassed young merchant drops the goods which he has begun to make into a bundle. The mother and sister of Peter unpurse their lips. From somewhere the worthy Peter himself appears, and sidles toward Tuzza.

"See!" cries Mamma Rosa victoriously, and extends her arms.

In one rests a baby. In the other hand she holds another little red book.

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L'ACQUARIO

J. S. HUXLEY

THERE are three things in Naples that are famous—three objects in contemplation of which the Neapolitan feels his heart swell with patriotic fervor—three wonders with which to astound and silence the impudent foreigner. These three things are:—the View—the Museum—and the Aquarium. But, O thou Neapolitan patriot, when the so-contemptible foreigner regains his wits, a little reflection shows him that 'tis at all events not thou who shouldst be proud! Who made the view? God: or (for perhaps our Neapolitan is an Anti-Clerical) perhaps 'twere better to say that it is the outcome of crumplings of earth and belchings-forth of ashes—and you all have been naught but a fly —(and a dirty one at that) on the wheel of Geology. Who made the Museum? Its makers are long dead—ancient Romans and more ancient Greeks. It was a kind act of yours to give their works shelter—but it is not the shelter that we come to see.

But who made the Aquarium? Let the last sad blow fall on the patriotic heart. Less Neapolitan than is God or Geology, less than were Greeks or Romans, is the maker of the Aquarium —an intruder, a northerner, a German! . . . Poor patriot heart, now collapsed, must swell itself on Gloves and Coral Brooches if it would revive!

Let us leave it slowly dilating, and betake ourselves to the Aquarium. I would not attempt to be your guide to the other sights, nor would you thank me if I did: but trust me in the Aquarium and you will at all events learn more than the native guide will teach you.

The sun shines outside from a hard blue heaven, putting the palms and cactuses quite at their ease and making the long avenues of ilex look quite northern. That is the time: pay and grudge not, push the swing-door—and enter into another world.

Dark and cool it is, silent but for sounds of splashing: no light but what, entering by invisible windows, must pass through the waters to reach your eye. On the south the sun lights up the

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tanks brightly, and here and there, where beds of brilliant little sea-anemones and coral-creatures vegetate, or where purple sea-urchins, with their hundreds of little suction-pumps for feet, crawl over starfish scarlet and gray, and the yellow sea-lilies perpetually wave their five-fine-branching arms,—the transformation-scene at Drury Lane is not more brilliant. With meaningless brilliance in both cases;—these pure and gorgeous colors, so it seems, are of no more use to their possessors than the lovely mottlings of many Cowrie-shells, that covering folds of skin conceal during the whole of life.

But coloring may be useful as well as ornamental. Look into this tank, where even the bright sun reveals nothing at first but weedy stones. Look again, and half the stones are fish, mottled beautifully with brown and black and white, beset with little ridges and filaments that look like seaweed, nestling close to the rocks, and scarcely stirring. In the swirl and confusion of a shallow sea, none but the cleverest enemies could spy them out.

On the west and north sides only a dim and pale light enters; here are put the creatures that shrink from the direct ray of the sun, living under ledges or in the deeper waters—not so beautiful or bright, but more mysterious. There are great Skates and Rays, that some call Elephants' Ears, others Pfaffenhut, for the likeness that they bear, as they swim along flapping their undulating sides, to the black broad brimmed hat of Roman Catholic priests. Murænæ, their thick conger-like body decorated with sheeny golden-yellow pattern, their most wicked-looking and small head tapering like a Fox's to the nose—driest descendants perhaps of those to whom the callous Roman sensualist, in his villa at Posillipo not two miles off, used to throw his slaves. Crabs and crabby animals of various sorts, shapes and sizes: in their tank I saw one day a scene that might have been played by human actors. A dead carcase of one of their fellows lay on the gravel, surrounded by crabs and hermit-crabs pulling away for dear life with their big pincers, now and again coming into collision and nipping at each other, but reserving most of their energies for the feast. One great big crab smelt it from afar; up he sidled, and without a by-your-leave put his biggest claw over the head of the smaller fry, took hold, and tugged till a piece

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came off, finally conveying it back and shoving it into his mouth in the most human manner imaginable. Overhead hovered the poor relations—like semi-transparent prawns on the lookout for stray bits that no one else wanted, eager, but very timid, shooting up and away with one flick of the tail at the least alarm. Among themselves, however, they were quarrelsome enough; I saw two have a very good imitation of a boxing match. The whole thing was, in its Crustacean way, very like the funeral scene in *The Devil's Disciple*.

As for the Precious Coral, and the Sea-Horses (so like chessmen leading a nice free Alice-through-the-Looking-glass existence among the sea-forests,) and the Jelly-fish, more like some-one else's disembodied shadow than independent beings, the prize-Chrysanthemum Flower show of big anemones, and the Octopus, beautiful even in repulsiveness—these and many other queer and lovely things you will see and wonder at.

One might spend the whole day there with much profit and pleasure; but I expect that after an hour or so, unless you happen to be a particularly ardent lover of beasts, you will be thinking of going. As you step out into the light, your eye is caught by a notice on the side of a broad flight of stairs: "E vietato di salire," with "Défense de monter" underneath, in case (as is highly probable) your comprehension of Italian should be limited to "Buona sera," and "Si prega di non sputare nella vettura." Prohibition rousing curiosity, you look up and round about, and see that there is really quite a big place besides the Aquarium itself, and wonder what happens inside it. "Must be pretty damp, living over all that water," you think; but your mind subsides into rest very soon, and you set out to try and find a cab with a taximeter and for once not be cheated.

In spite of your going off so carelessly, it is really quite interesting up there—in that Institution, of which the Aquarium is only the outward and visible sign, for which your two francs entrance-money has just been expended. Inside that building, what a change from the vast, untidy, childish village of six hundred thousand inhabitants in which it stands! Here is cleanliness, order, and willing industry in the high air of learning; all around the elemental feelings and passions contentedly living in lazy

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poverty and dirt, dying in wildest superstition. Naples is the most uncivilized city in Europe; here in her midst is the first Zoölogical Station in the world—first in time, in size, and in renown. Founded, in the face of great difficulties, by Anton Dobon (alas now dead, though not before he had seen his first modest building expand to thrice its original size, and known that the fame thereof was gone forth into all lands), to-day it stands, the great simple white structure, with place for seventy workers if need be, each with his own little room (or half a bigger one if he be a new arrival and the place is crowded), his private tank, and his battery of all the thousand-and-one machines and tools and substances that are needed to force Nature's hand.

By way of showing some of the difficulties besetting those who wish to take advantage of this southern sea's munificence of beasts, I may say that not more than a small fraction of the scientific equipment can be got in Naples itself; half has to come from the great manufacturing towns of North Italy, the rest all the way from Germany, paying much duty on the way for daring to be better than native products.

The worker does not notice all this, however: all is made smooth for him. Here one knows the joys

"Of quiet work throughout the quiet days,"

the quiet sometimes broken by the thrill when the experiment has succeeded, the strange new structure is understood. Such moments are glorious, but rare: more often is despondency to be fought with, when creatures die, preparations are spoilt, when one feels that one's work is not progressing, or worse still, that it is essentially unimportant.

But the work goes on all the time, each adding his new brick, or mortaring up a gap, or repairing a hole in that vast edifice that is ever fair to look upon, yet ever being built. One gives the history of the Trypanosomes of Fishes (first cousins to those unwitting scourges that pass with the bite of the Tsetse into man's blood to give him the Sleeping Sickness). Another is describing a newly-discovered and strange sea-worm; it seems as if the sea would never cease to yield new creatures. Another is investigating the strange property of sponges, that when they are cut in bits and pressed through finest gauze, the microscopic units

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will join up once more to little shapeless balls and still remember somehow to build themselves up into the miniature of the form they had before. Another is after determining all the chemical processes that take place in the early development of the egg; you want a lot of eggs for that, but luckily the Sea-Urchin comes to the rescue, for a good one will hold about five millions—one for every inhabitant of London (think of the infant mortality that must always be going on!).

The Man in the Street laughs aloud at such a catalogue; it tickles his fancy that grown men should be working at such tiny microscopic things, such absurd-looking creatures. His practical side is saddened with the waste of it, however.—Dear Man in the Street, don't be saddened, nor too contemptuous. For, to start with, any day one may stumble on something after your own heart; who knows whether sponges may not be cheaper, or Central Africa more habitable, as the result of one of this same laughable catalogue of researches?

And then, and this is more, each new brick has its place—perhaps waiting for it in some obscure corner, perhaps in some great arch that has lacked just this to stand alone, perhaps not till after years of neglect and weary waiting. But in the end each always finds its place, each always adds to the majesty of the great fabric that through the centuries is rising, built by the mind and soul of Man.

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THE CITY OF PLEASURE

Five Impressions

JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

I

The Excursion Train

A BLUR of oily, black smoke on the clear, green sky, the stridulous escape of steam, clanking brakes, and the excursion train stops at its platform. People pour like a colored, yeasty mass from its doors. In an instant the platform is crowded to suffocation; a headlong rabble of humanity, red-faced or incurably pallid, already worn by the long, hot journey, the rise before dawn, struggle and hurry and cry out, in an agony of apprehension, a torment of soul, lest they should miss a moment's pleasure.

Flat-breasted women, calico clad, herd children in voices that eat like acid through the tumult, fretfully admonish spindling babies that wail persistently with blue and bubbling lips. The men, coat over arm, their vivid-colored shirts sticking wetly to their bodies, laugh harshly, laugh knowingly with obscene intent, nudging each other, winking leaden lids. Their pockets are distended with bottles of spirits: they drink, wiping the necks of the bottles with hardened palms . . . the liquor sends a livid flush, a purple veil of heat, over faces seared and pitted with poverty.

Hundreds of girls, gay in ribbands, in a momentary whiteness, eddy like butterflies over the sordid human stream, shining for a second on the streaked surface, fluttering for a moment in the sun—for a moment only, before they sink bedraggled, drowned. The voices of the girls rise thin and hysterical, staccato giggling mingles with the husky pleasantries of social youths; the merciless voices of the girls deride the makeshift hats, skirts, about them—they dissect their sisters' souls for the amusement of casual young men.

Furtive boys, with cunning eyes and soft, pale palms, flex-

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uously thread the mob; mechanics, stupid, patient, their heavy shoulders bent under a hopeless burden of toil, pass with dragging feet; predatory women, bloodless as mummies, ladened with mephitic perfume, smile their sterile invitation; old men struggle impotently in the torrent, their senile faces working piteously, uttering quavering cries.

The turbid human stream, the stream unspeakably muddied and stained, writhes and vanishes from the platform with an uneasy, ceaseless mutter—as though it had broken from a morbific cavern—into the pellucid, the immaculate salt air.

II

The Beach

The ebb tide embroiders with filmy, white lace the far hem of the beach; the swinging flood of the sea sweeps opaque, jade-green, to the sparkling horizon; the sky burns with the molten, silver light of the summer sun at noon—and, where the sand is wet, it gleams like bright, shifting swords; higher up it is soft and gray, and hot.

Onto the luminous expanse the passing hour pours a horde of humanity, clad scantily, informally, for bathing—the men in gaudy jerseys; the older women in black, baglike garments; the younger with figures exposed, their legs thrust forward, their naked arms raised to their hair.

They sprawl on the beach, singly and in groups; they are all constrained, all uneasy, breathing by jerks, with labored lungs. Nowhere is there the repose, the immobility, of nature; no one rests save a few old men, nearing death, and drunkards with empurpled visages.

The men, bare to the pitiless light, white like bone, clasp calloused hands about their stringy knees; their feet are atrophied from misshapen shoes; their bodies cramped, shrunken, from garments rigid, unnatural, grotesque. Their bodies are scorified by the poisoned vapors of dye vats, from the death-heat of furnaces, the fumes of lead and sulphur; their bodies are bleached, sapped, from lives fed into machines in rooms closed like boxes.

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There on the sand, before the cool tranquillity of the sea, the murmurous peace of its marge, the splendor of its horizon, the men betrayed, lured from happiness, from life, gaze dully downward, or—for a dazzled second—raise stony, blinded eyes to the sun.

The girls are without tenderness, without graciousness; they are without the bloom of scarlet blood coursing through free, white limbs, without the imperious urge of youth. Their desire is that of despair, of the torment of sex forced into perverse channels, of sex balked, betrayed.

The older women, parched by the gray dust of poverty, their souls netted in its cobweb of care, grimly outface the unaccustomed empty hour. . . . And, in and about, weave and play the children,—little, white, flickering flames barely alight in the blaze of the sun, the gigantic flood of noon.

III

The Idle Women

Through the clustered, white columns of the pavilion the sun streams on the idle women with busy fingers. The bandmaster, swaying sensuously to his lifted baton, envelops them in delicately-fluted sound, in the soft blare of golden horns floating above the shadowy depths of the bass.

The idle women are tropical in the streaming sun and wanton music: they are clad in heliotrope muslins, in saffron silks, in bizarre hats of dyed birds and gilded straw. Their ears are hung with carved metals, with coveted stones, stones bloody as greed, cold as deceit, green as feverish envy; their powdered throats are necklaced by pale, salt pearls, jades of aged Accad, the cerulean crystals of lost Hyksos kings. Their fingers, the busy fingers of the idle women, the nails pointed and enamelled with vermilion, sparkle with platinum and prismatic stones.

Their sparkling fingers pass and repass over the squares of linen that form their task, their occupation, that absorb their energy, their time. They embroider the minutes, the hours and days, into the useless web in their busy hands; they embroider

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their inutile lives into the empty designs, link their vacuous imaginings in the stitches of the wasted threads.

They gather in council, conversing in half whispers sharp as steel, in words that burn whereon they fall like deathly acids; they nod their heads in corrosive malice, they nod the cold, dyed birds, the gilded straw. They smooth their sleek hips complacently, and lament the absence of their little dogs, their silky-white dogs with pink flesh and uxorious eyes. They dwell upon the painted men in exotic plays, the hermaphrodite heroes, the frozen prostitutes, of their favorite fictions.

They rub their over-ripe cheeks with carmine, their eyes glitter from amid purple pencillings; they dabble odorous ointment on their dry lips. A miasmic perfume swims from the idle women into the streaming sun. The bandmaster sways in sensuous abandon.

IV

The Cabaret

The smoke of countless cigarettes, coiling upward from the crowded tables of the transplendid café, veils the painted nudes and gilded cornices of the walls, the incandescence of the distant ceiling. Below champagne glows like golden tulips on slender stems of glass, the light burns sullenly in narrow flames of brandy, burns palely in cordials violet and silver, and gleams in crisp, amber beakers of beer. The men drink ceaselessly, served by a legion of waiters that converge in a sombre stream at the outlet to the bar, the men various yet alike, dull, insensible, blank; but the light of the glasses illuminates the dulness, the insensibility grows less evident—animation courses slowly, doubtfully, over the masks of the human commonplace; released from a thousand fetters, a thousand cautions and calculated fears, the voices rise, become spontaneous; a lyric note of laughter frees a score of hearts from the tyranny of the inevitable.

The clear chord of a piano, the vibrant note of a violin, sound from a platform against the further wall; after a momentary pause, in a bar of dusty light that falls diagonally from above, a woman appears, Castilian, in black and scarlet. One gleaming shoulder is bare, and a scant, fringed skirt is cut away

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from knees that show seductively in warm silk. A native hat rakishly shadows her countenance, out of which her gaze sweeps insolently over the attentive tables.

She advances to the edge of the platform, and, with a sudden stamp of her foot, to the beat of piano and violin, bursts into a song, a song with a provoking, delayed tempo, now explosive, now pensive, melodious. She abandons herself to the music, she is utterly free, utterly pagan; her arms are tense, relaxed, alluring.

The last traces of stolidity, of calculated caution, vanish magically from the men; they are freed from the hypocrisy, the material baseness, from the gaol that custom, that lies, that the struggle, pitiless, inhuman, for the cold counters of civilization, the empty symbols of success, have built about their hearts. For a moment youth, the youth of the world, of men, so soon slain on doubtful altars, stirs faintly, glows with a reflection of vanished warmth—an anodyne from the dead past to the dead future.

Sharply, in a swirl of scarlet, of warm silken limbs, the song ends amid a tumult of approval, of lifted champagne like gold tulips on slender stems of glass. The dusty bar of light wavers, vanishes: from a shadowy corner of the platform, folded in a voluminous cloak—a gleam of scarlet, of pallid countenance, purple lips—the singer insolently gazes over the transplendid café.

V

A Curtain

Beyond the girdle of shining lights that encircle the City of Pleasure, beyond the thronged esplanade, the glittering cafés, the stately hostelries, the sea reaches out dark and still to the serene night. The moving, humming throng is gaily-colored, various, prodigal: the women are clad in silks, in carnation and mauve and blue, they are clad in white that clings closely to their soft limbs, that foams in lace upon their smooth shoulders. They smile slowly with ruby lips, they smile luminously with their eyes; they invite attention to their exotic bodies, to their hands, like the waxy petals of flowers, of frangipanni.

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The men are opulent, flushed from the festival of the senses; they look masterfully at the gleaming lights, at the great hotels, the blazing cafés; at the material splendor that is the evidence of their success, of their importance, their domination. They look masterfully at the women, hung with barbaric ornaments, laced into provocative forms. The blinding spectacle of light, of living, of illimitable riches, seems to fill the earth, the sky . . . all time.

Then, slowly, the sea, that was so black, so withdrawn, turns gray, seems to rise in long quivering fingers, in fingers that grope blindly for the shore.

Streaming pennants of fog twist inward, hang curtains, hang cobwebs, over the lights, dimming their radiance into pale, ghostly flares. The fog drifts in and envelops the women; it veils them in a cold filament that cloaks their lustre, it blackens their lips, strews ashes on their vague countenances.

It wraps its chill about the men, extinguishing the fire of their blood, of their life. Slowly it blots out their edifices; the hotels vanish, the lighted cafés dwindle into an utter gray waste.

There is no sound, the voices are hushed, the footfalls stilled. Slowly, inexorably, all fade, all disappear, are lost: the sands are as blank as they were a thousand, thousand years ago, as they will be when a thousand, thousand, thousand years have fallen into the termless fog that absorbs all effort, all time.

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SHIPWRECK

HERMANN HAGEDORN

THE wind cried up from the east with a long thin wail.
The dark rolled over the stars, the dull sea rose.
And the Skipper turned from his light-o'-love by the rail
And his body tingled with sweat and his blood froze,
For he heard a babe, the cry of a babe in the gale.

"It's come at last, it's come! D'ye hear, d'ye hear?
Last night, d'ye hear? Last night, I tell ye, it came!
I heerd her moanin' all night, an' I knew it was near,
In my dreams I heerd her moanin' an' callin' my name,
Andy, Andy, Andy! like a hammer in my ear.

"An' at last near morning I heerd a cry, an' I knew!
A baby's cry, a bit of a second it cried.
An' ye woke me then an' I knew nothin' but you,
Till the dark came again an' whispered: '*They've died! They've died!*'
An' I heerd the wind tellin' the sea as it blew.

"An' they're all alone on the Cape, an' round them's the night.
All alone in the bed she faced north to the sea,
That wherever I was I'd know one beacon-light
Was shinin', she'd say, thro' fog an' the dark, for me.
An' it's shinin' now! I can see it—stary an' white!"

The Skipper's light-o'-love she stood like an oak
Bred amid crags and whipped by the wild wind's scourge.
And the wind loosened her hair and tore at her cloak,
But she laughed like the spume back to the shouting surge
And the taunt of the deep spoke in her voice when she spoke.

"Andy, little fool Andy, afraid of his wife
Cooking her beans an' cod, safe on the Cape!

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What's *she* done for you? You was dead. I kissed ye to life."—
He laughed, shrilly, and flung back his head to escape
The perilous scent of her flesh, poised like a knife;

But her face was close, her loose hair flew in his eyes.
His limbs grew faint of her nearness, her lips on his cheeks,
The hot forge-flame of her breath and her breathless cries,
Till he sank on her pulsing throat, and, dizzy and weak,
Knew nothing at all but her bosom's fall and rise.

Up thro' the dark the hurricane called the sea,
And the billows shrank and sprang and bellowed and boiled.
The mate whistled, and out from the hatch's lee
Shadows leapt up the shrouds and dizzily toiled;
And the bark eased, but the gale cried terribly.

The Skipper stirred, but he heard not whistle or gale
Tho' the prow plunged deep and flung in his face the foam.
He heard only the sound of footsteps frail
In the sandy yard of his bleak Yarmouth home,
And the creak of a gate and the crunch of the loose beach-trail.

The Skipper stared like a dead man out into space.
" It's her! An' she's white an' her cheeks is wet with the storm.
The gray shawl's over her head an' close to her face
She's holdin' our little baby to keep him warm,
An' she's striding down to the sea wi' ghostly pace."

The storm was loud. His woman drew close his head.
" Baby, Andy, yourself, scared at the wind! "
But the Skipper's voice was thick with a new dread:
" She's gone, gone into the sea! She's gone to find
Me an' you to show us the baby that's dead.

" D'ye hear, d'ye hear? She's gone down into the sea,
An' she'll come an' find us an' make me look in her eyes.
O beast, you! Why couldn't ye leave me be?
I hated ye half the time, but ye hooked me wi' lies,
Till ye had me high an' dry wi' your devilry.

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"Let me go, d'ye hear? Christ, how I hate ye! le' go!
They've furled the tops'ls. Not a stitch on her sticks!"
He pushed her down. She kissed him. He struck her a blow.
"Christ! Not to-night I won't tumble to you an' your tricks
Wi' God chasin' me here—an' a ghost below."

He lurched to the wheel, he shouted, and swift thro' the dark
Men climbed, swaying, and labored. The loosed sail roared.
The Skipper steered on, but his boyish face was stark;
And blindly on, like a frightened mare at a ford,
Snorted and plunged and reared the maddened bark.

On! And he heard a footfall under the sea!
On! And the swish of great fins making room!
He saw the sea-floor's desert shadowy,
And he saw her coming, whiter and swifter than doom,
Tho' she moved not her shoulder at all, nor bent her knee.

He saw her pass like a wisp thro' the level sea-weed,
Like a ray of the moon he saw her move over the crag.
Before her he saw undulant arms recede,
Lumps drop to cover, racing fishes lag—
And he shook out canvas to match his speed to her speed.

The sea with shock and thunder broke over the side
And the mast shuddered and yawed and the beams droned.
But the Skipper heard not wind nor bellowing tide,
He heard only a voice that faintly moaned
And close under his feet the steps of his bride.

His hands were no more his own on the plunging wheel
For a stronger soul than his own had taken command.
It turned the rudder, it turned the shivering keel
Till the bark jibed in the clutch of the awful hand,
And the gale broke a sail from its bolts with a loud peal.

The Skipper's light-o'-love clutched, wildly, his arm.
With a curse the mate leapt to the wheel: "The shoal!"

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But the Skipper fought free, he feared not the tempest-harm,
He feared only a ghost pursuing his soul
With feet swifter than all the pinions of storm.

And the vessel crashed with shiver and shock on the bar,
And the waves pursuing swept tumbling the deck.
Up the shrouds shadows leapt to a groaning spar;
But over the shoal the storm flung the harried wreck,
And it staggered into the breakers, jar on jar,

Beaten and open-seamed, to the last mad clash!
The Skipper dragged his light-o'-love to the yards.
Shouts, and shouts again, and the mortar's flash,
And in bonfire-light the black shapes of the guards
Coiling again and again the whirring lash!

They drew the Skipper's light-o'-love to the shore,
They drew the seamen safe, but the Skipper alone
Abode the buoy's slow return once more,
Alone with eddying soul and face of stone,
Alone with a voice low thro' the storm's roar:

"Andy, Andy, I'm here! Andy, it's me!
Look up, Andy, look. I've brought you your boy.
He's so pretty, Andy. Why can't ye look up an' see?
Who'd ever ha' guessed, Andy, 't you could destroy
Me an' the babe an' yourself so foolishly?"

The Skipper's flesh crawled, for he felt the touch
Of a hand on his hair and lips' faint press and glow.
"Was she kind to you, Andy? An' did ye love her so much?
She never loved you as I did, Andy, I know.
An' you—you was all too good for the like of such.

"Come to me, Andy. There's nothing for you over there.
An', Andy, the baby an' me are close to you here.
There's nothing for you wi' her only hate an' despair.
But I shall be in your eye, Andy, an' in your ear,
An' in your heart forever an' everywhere."

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The Skipper heard, thro' howl and thunder he heard!
  But the buoy was nigh and voices called from the beach.
He sprang to the buoy—eternity!—it stirred!
  Slowly with groaning rope and the tackle's screech,
Shoreward, darting, plunging like a great bird,

It hurtled. But once more the hollow steep
  Rose up with hands, it rose, unearthly, vast.
It hovered above him, gaunt awfulness waiting to leap,
  Leapt, broke, thundered, whelmed him at last.
Day came. But the Skipper came not forth from the deep.

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THE CASE OF RICHARD MIDDLETON

ROBERT SHAFER

PERHAPS it was only natural that in the beginning I looked at the case of Richard Middleton with suspicion. Being merely an American, I had heard little or nothing of him before his tragic death. After that I began to hear more, but even then I had read practically nothing that he had written. For this reason I felt that I was able to take an unprejudiced view of the rather indiscriminate praise of him that was issuing from the mouths of his friends, and everything that I heard did but add to my suspicion.

Here was a man who had died in the saddest of all ways, and was it not probable that the brilliant promise of his youth had been at the best only partially fulfilled? At any rate, he had never published a single volume, and he was a member of that class which, as Mr. Frank Harris assures us, is the lowest of all classes in England—that is, he was a journalist. In this capacity, it is true, he did achieve publication in various English periodicals; but so, I argued, do innumerable young men who will never deserve anything more than the most ephemeral notice. Besides this, however, I learned that Middleton had a high artistic ideal, and believed that he was fitted for literary achievement far beyond the province of the mere journalist, and that he also held in contempt our propagandists who are masking themselves, not always discreetly, beneath the flimsy covers of the contemporary novel, and behind the asbestos drop-curtains of our modern drama. Admirable though this was of him, did it, I asked myself, mean anything in particular? For it is a notorious fact that every American citizen, actuated by precisely the same motives, always carries an original, hand-made drama, priceless for various reasons, in his left-hand hip-pocket; and yet we do not, at least some of us do not, assert that on account of this fact all American citizens are perked out with the distinctive marks of genius. No, I said, the facts of the case must be that these English friends were filled with a most natural grief at Middleton's untimely death, and out of this grief must have been born

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the desire to do what in them lay towards gaining for him some sort of posthumous recognition. Their motives, of course, were most commendable, but I felt that their actions spoke better for their hearts than for their heads.

However, the chance at length came for reading a considerable amount of Middleton's actual work, both in prose and verse, and I grasped this opportunity, not without hesitation, it is true, for I dimly foresaw that this reading might play havoc with my previously impartial attitude toward him; and this, I might add, is just what it did!

I find that Middleton's was a figure truly remarkable as well as pathetic, and that his friends were really fulfilled of an inspiration that lacked not the quality of measured judgment. He was a fine and rare story-teller, and often he rose to the heights of enduring poetry. It is true I would not venture upon the romantic comparison of him with Chatterton, starving in his garret, which seems a little absurd to my mind, but then much may be forgiven the critics when their flights contain a kernel of important truth. And I am almost willing to believe that Middleton wrote one or two poems as enduring as anything of Chatterton's. It is also true that I would not venture to be so disagreeably superior in talking about Middleton's merit as was Mr. Henry Savage in his introduction to the first series of *Poems and Songs*. Still, I may be wronging Mr. Savage; perhaps his assertions are only an echo of an odd little way that I believe Englishmen sometimes have when they are talking to each other.

To speculate on what a man might have written had he lived longer is always interesting, and sometimes not quite useless. I fancy that Middleton would have written poetry much less variable in its quality, and that he would have turned more and more to lighter, less ambitious things, that he would, indeed, have written the poetry of childhood supremely well. In *Poems and Songs* we find the beginnings of just such a change as this, and it is precisely in those places where he gets away from his Lilys and Dorothys and Christines that he usually—though not always—gives the truest and best expression to his genius. In some of the so-called "pagan" poems we seem to perceive a medley of influences, a thing that is almost certain to occur in

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the first poems of any young man. Mr. Arthur Ransome has recently shown us some of the sources of inspiration for Oscar Wilde's early poems, and while this did not serve to increase any merit they may have had in my eyes, it certainly did not decrease their value, but rather made them the more interesting as reflections of the young Wilde's personality and interests. In the same way we can see here and there in Middleton's work the passing legacies of Ernest Dowson and of Mr. Arthur Symons, and, above all, of Swinburne. The critics never tire of telling us just how easy it is to imitate Swinburne, but unfortunately the Swinburnians have never learned their lesson from the critics. At all events they have, one and all, been signally unsuccessful. Certain of the stock tricks that went to make up that complex thing which we call the personal and individual genius of Swinburne they may have caught at times, but the living spirit of the man, never. I am tempted to think that Middleton did the thing better than has any one of the rest of them, but even he, good as he sometimes was, could not be entirely successful; and I feel that these poems, for all their trail of fiery adjectives, must fall a little flat on ears accustomed to the rhythms of the first series of *Poems and Ballads*. The first *Irene* poem, *Love's Mortality,* and *One More Song* may serve as typical of all of them, and one may well recall how fine indeed the last-named poem is, of its kind. The curious will discover the influence of Ernest Dowson, which I have mentioned, in various scattered phrases, and certainly there is a strange echo of Dowson's poem, *Non Sum Qualis Eram Bonæ sub Regno Cynaræ,* in *The Dream That Has No End*. For the same persons I might add that Mr. Arthur Symons' influence, one of spirit rather than of form, is evident enough in *After Love*.

It would be something more than presumptuous to make any kind of an "estimate" of Middleton's poetry at this time, but certain facts stand out clearly. His verse is filled through and through with a passionate love of beauty; indeed perhaps this will be the most evident thing of all for one who has but just finished reading the poems. Moreover, he has no message for the world, save that of the travelling singer in his own exquisite tale, *The Poet's Allegory*. It is there that we find Middleton's

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ideas about the nature of poetry—if we have not already found them, concealed in his verse itself—and could a lyric poet have a finer conception of the essentials of his craft? The singer has just arrived at a village early in the morning, but the baker was already up, as is the way of bakers, and he shouted at him, asking his business. The boy answered:

"I might be a good tinker, and worship god Pan, or I might grind scissors as sharp as the noses of bakers. But, as a matter of fact, I'm a piper, not a rat-catcher, you understand, but just a simple singer of sad songs, and a mad singer of merry ones."

"Oh," said the baker dully, for he had hoped the boy was in search of work. "Then I suppose you have a message."

"I sing songs," said the boy emphatically. "I don't run errands for any one save it be for the fairies." . . .

"But you must have some news?"

"News! It's a fine morning of summer, and I saw a kingfisher across the water-meadows coming along. Oh, and there's a cuckoo back in the fir plantation, singing with a May voice. It must have been asleep all these months."

To sing just as would this simple boy, that is to make real lyric poetry, Middleton would have said, I feel sure. And, as probably we might by this time expect, it was in his simpler, lighter pieces that he himself achieved his highest success. That complicated and troubled atmosphere in which he sought to envelop some of his poems we do not find in *Chant—Pagan,* for example, which goes along with such a rapid, swinging movement that we almost break into song as we read it. *The Rebel,* again, is magnified by a spirit so virile, so strong and self-sufficient, that we wonder how the same man could ever have meddled with the faded roses and voluptuous languors of a generation ago. It begins splendidly:

> "I am the man who wandered in the skies,
> To a strange place hung round with flowing silk
> Wherein were set the stars from north to south;
> And there I saw a god with dreamy eyes,
> And monstrous shadowing beard that dripped with milk,
> And there was honey on his drooping mouth."

But *The Bathing Boy* and *To Them All* are equally fine, if not

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even better, and in the latter poem there moves archly a real spirit of song, that brings a smile to one's lips whether one will or no. Different enough is the *Lullaby*—it is the simplest of little songs, with all trace of pretentiousness gone from it, and perhaps in part for that reason I have learned to love it, would dare even to compare it with Robert Greene's lullaby, *Weep not, My Wanton, Smile upon My Knee.* I shall quote only the first stanza, but from that one can see how fine a thing it is:

"Ah, little one, you're tired of play,
Sleep's fingers rest upon your brow,
You've been a woman all the day,
You'd be a baby now;
O baby, my baby!
You'd be my baby now."

Middleton's stories appear to have attracted less attention in England than his poems, and yet I must confess that on the whole he appeals to me more as a writer of prose than as a poet. To be sure, he wrote scarcely the kind of stories that win popularity in our American magazines, and, very probably, in English ones too. Middleton did not deal in the trivialities of the commonplace, nor in the shallowness of the fashionable and the rich, nor yet was he willing to efface real tragedy with patched up and inappropriate endings for the comfort of the sentimental; and perhaps in the face of all this it is a rather unimportant fact that he was a supremely good teller of stories that are real, and charged with life from beginning to end. And yet—and yet, I cannot see how anyone could fail to be charmed by some of the stories collected in the volume called *The Ghost Ship and Other Stories.* If by no other certainly one must be delighted by that strange tale put with supreme tact into the mouth of the villager from Fairfield. It is the story of *The Ghost Ship,* and I feel sure that it is not only unlike any other in the language, but that it always will be. In its praise I can do no better than quote Mr. Arthur Machen, who says of it: "I declare I would not exchange this short, crazy, enchanting fantasy for a whole wilderness of seemly novels, proclaiming in decorous accents the undoubted truth that there are milestones on the Portsmouth Road."

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No other story of Middleton's faintly resembles *The Ghost Ship,* though *Shepherd's Boy* belongs to something of the same type. The rest of the stories in this book—in all it contains some twenty—are widely different in character, and they impress one by showing both the range of Middleton's power and the varied themes which found in his hands more than adequate treatment. One quality, however, binds all of these stories together, and that is the peculiar individuality of their writer. Of course the same thing may be said of the work of all writers, save of that which those pitiful mediocrities turn out who have caught the spirit of the time and have made themselves into literary machines, and hence I would not have mentioned this factor of Middleton's personal genius were it not a most unusual and significant thing. It is a matter both of spirit and of technique, and it pervades every one of these stories, filling them, for me at least, with a glow of interest which the conventional, "well-made" story has long since ceased to excite. This personal spirit manifests itself sometimes in a kind of unusual daring. Who else would have ventured to write *The Conjurer?* The mystification of the reader is complete, there is no trace of explanation—and the result is an effect the intensity of which I had scarcely dreamed of before. Again this daring is shown in comparisons that shock by their rudeness, by their apparent inappropriateness, so that on seeing them we can only stare, or smile for a moment, until suddenly there comes to us a perception of their extraordinary truth,—"Mother still stooped from bed to bed, moving placidly, like a cow." Or again, he speaks of "a dark-haired girl of fifteen or sixteen, so unreasonably beautiful that she made a disillusioned scribbler feel like a sad line out of one of the saddest poems of Francis Thompson."

Another thing that astonishes us is Middleton's extraordinary comprehension of childhood, a comprehension that does not delight us so much as Mr. Kenneth Grahame's, because not put to such pleasant ends, but surely I am not wrong in believing that it is quite as complete. We remember the pleasures of childhood so much more clearly, or recall them so much more easily, than we do the tragedies. And so I think Middleton set himself

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distinctly the harder task when he wrote *A Tragedy in Little, Fate and the Artist,* and *The Passing of Edward*—and these things he has done so extremely well that we cannot help thinking that the stories simply must last. I wonder, too, if many people will realize how very difficult the reconstruction of one's childhood would be, indeed how nearly impossible the thing would be, for well-nigh everyone. And yet how supremely well Middleton made those two almost autobiographical studies of his boyhood! I mean *A Drama of Youth,* and *The New Boy.* The latter narrative brought back to me vividly some things I imagined that I had almost succeeded in forgetting—some events of a most unhappy year passed at one of our largest and worst preparatory schools.

Along with this gift, and it is one of the rarest, in its way, Middleton had another, that of extraordinary insight into the world of grown up men and women. We see this quality at its best in two studies, *The Story of a Book,* and *The Biography of a Superman.* Along with it went a kind of humor peculiar to himself, and a power for effective and brilliant satire. The former study concerns itself with a man, "born with at least a German-silver spoon in his mouth," who had much time to spare, and who, perhaps "from some remote hereditary taint," was an incessant novel reader, broad minded enough, moreover, to read good novels as well as bad ones. "From the first he had allowed his reading to color his impressions of life, and had obediently lived in a world of blacks and whites, of heroes and heroines, of villains and adventuresses, until the grateful discovery of the realistic school of fiction permitted him to believe that men and women were for the most part neither good nor bad, but tabby." In course of time he became a skilful critic of novels, and even wrote one himself, which he knew at least to be far above the average in grammar and punctuation. "He read the book to his friends, who made suggestions that would have involved its re-writing from one end to the other. He read it to his enemies, who told him that it was nearly good enough to publish; he read it to his wife, who said that it was very nice, and that it was time to dress for dinner. No one seemed to realize that it was the most important thing he had ever done

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in his life." And so the story of the book goes on, delightful from beginning to end, and so very, very true!

Delightful in the same way, and equally penetrating, is *The Biography of a Superman.* It offers, just as does *The Story of a Book,* endless brilliant passages for quotation, but I shall have to restrict myself to a single one:

"Sprung from an old Yorkshire family, Charles Stephen Dale was yet sufficient of a Cockney to justify both his friends and his enemies in crediting him with the Celtic temperament. Nevertheless, he was essentially a modern, insomuch that his contempt for the writings of dead men surpassed his dislike of living authors. To these two central influences we may trace most of the peculiarities that rendered him notorious and ultimately great. Thus, while his Celtic æstheticism permitted him to eat nothing but raw meat, because he mistrusted alike 'the reeking products of the manure-heap and the barbaric fingers of cooks,' it was surely his modernity that made him an agnostic, because bishops sat in the House of Lords. Smaller men might dislike vegetables and bishops without allowing it to affect their conduct; but Dale was careful to observe that every slightest conviction should have its place in the formation of his character. Conversely, he was nothing without a reason."

One feels from the beginning of this narrative that it must be a portrait of that obscure man whose eccentric disciples have been nicknamed "Shavians"—and as one reads on one becomes sure that it can be none other than Mr. Bernard Shaw himself who is thus skilfully and mercilessly portrayed. Certainly there has never been written a more truthful nor a more incisive criticism of the man than this.

One might say many more things of Middleton, but they will be evident to those who have come to like his poetry and to love his stories, while to outsiders they would be bound to be more or less meaningless. It is perhaps enough to say that Middleton was a really great writer of prose—prose remarkable for its meaning rather than for its form—and that he achieved something more than a passing distinction in the field of pure lyric poetry. He was a man who loved beauty with a fervor scarcely conceivable in an Englishman; and he had, and held

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religiously to, a high artistic ideal, a thing most remarkable in this day, when, as Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer has said, there is nothing that an English writer will not do for a bit of money. Perhaps in the light of this knowledge we can better understand the despair that carried him even to the doors of death, and I do not think we can do better, as we pause for a moment over his name, than recall those concluding stanzas of his own poem, *The Artist:*

"The shadows fall and the still,
I am loth to sing,
I have wondered and kissed my fill
On the lips of spring.

"But the golden cities are gone
And the stars are fled,
And I know that I am alone,
And I am dead.

"No more than a dream that sings
In the streets of space;
Ah, would that my soul had wings,
Or a resting-place!"

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EDITORIAL NOTES

Peace

IT is well that the hundred years of peace between America and Great Britain should be fittingly celebrated. But it would be better if all nations would join in celebrating the commencement of a century of world-peace.

There are some eighteenth century survivals who believe and preach that war will endure as long as men remain upon the earth; that bloodshed is the ultimate and only satisfactory argument; and that a world unstimulated by battlefield-shambles would lose inspiration, ideals, spirituality, and descend to abysmal and universal idiocy.

To every forward step, there has always been such opposition from the little men. Unashamed, never learning, they lift their voices to proclaim the impossibility of progress.

And progress goes on.

Jesus of Nazareth was nailed upon the cross of a criminal by the little men of his day, because he proclaimed the religion of Humanity.

There are prophets and seers in our own generation who are proclaiming, with no uncertain voice, the religion of Humanity. The little men will try to nail them upon the cross of ridicule.

But the vision comes nearer and takes clearer form; and tens of tens of thousands through the world have seen it, and will give way no longer to those who walk with their eyes turned downward, denying the shining of stars and the whole firmament of heaven.

It is no vague, illusive abstraction, deferred to some millennial period in the far distant future, that the thinking, seeing men of to-day have conceived and are shaping to the measure of their desire and the world's need. Here and now, with the living—not with the dead or with the unborn—is the work of the present, and the vision of both the present and the future.

And the little men will proclaim to-day the impossibility of all achievement—until they are confronted to-morrow with the realization.

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John Purroy Mitchel

THE nomination of Mr. John Purroy Mitchel as Collector of the Port of New York is entirely satisfactory. It is a fitting reward for personal ability and public service of a type too rare; and it is a fitting recognition of the claims of Tammany—made manifest in every act and every record of the organization—to be ignored now and henceforward by any man who values decency in public affairs and is unwilling to associate himself with flagrant and immitigable corruption.

Governor Sulzer and Tammany

GOVERNOR SULZER has apparently drifted a long way from the Fourteenth Street flock.

Charles F. Murphy, of course, will not surrender without a prolonged fight the power which has enabled him, unelected, autocratic, irresponsible, to over-ride the will of the people, nullify the institutions of the commonwealth, and bring the taint of corruption into every phase of public administration.

Yes. He will certainly fight. But the new order in New York State should be able to give him all the fighting that he wants. No decent man can possibly side with Tammany. Every citizen who is not a self-confessed supporter of corruption must fight against the organization which is a byword throughout the world.

Mr. Whitman's Game of Chess

MOVE by move, with the precision of a von Moltke, Mr. Whitman continues his masterly attack upon the Police System and upon those who are responsible for the continuance and long immunity of the System.

The "one little lieutenant" so slightingly dismissed by the Mayor as a mere excrescence upon an almost flawless department, has developed into a quite substantial brotherhood of criminal officials. But the Mayor is not dismayed. However many members of the police force may be brought to the bar of justice, there will still remain a residue to receive Mr. Gaynor's panegyrics.

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Militant "Progress"

THE Woman Suffrage Bill, designed to enfranchise six million women, was defeated in the British House of Commons by a majority of 47. Last year a similar measure was defeated by a majority of 14. Previously, suffrage bills had for several years passed their second reading stage by large majorities. A brief table for the last five years is interesting.

1909	Favorable majority	13
1910	Favorable majority	110
1911	Favorable majority	167
1912	Adverse majority	14
1913	Adverse majority	47

The extraordinary "progress" achieved since the introduction of the system of daily outrages must be very gratifying to the ultra-militants. Methods that have resulted in changing a favorable majority of 167 into an adverse majority of 47 are obviously benefiting the cause and should be persisted in by all reasonable women.

Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont

SEVERAL characteristic remarks recently attributed to Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont have been received here with the exact degree of respect that they merited; but they may have been taken seriously on "the other side," where the influence exerted by Mrs. Belmont in the councils of her country is not accurately known.

Possibly some of the statements were distorted in transmission; but it seems reasonably clear that Mrs. Belmont is eager to try the experiment of acclimatizing the Pankhurst policies. "If New York fails to awake we shall introduce militant methods of the type used by the Women's Social and Political Union." It would be interesting to know on what authority Mrs. Belmont made that statement, and who is associated with her in the august "we" who announce so nonchalantly their desire to turn a rational movement into a repellent farce.

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If Mrs. Belmont, however, really craves an opportunity of proving her personal courage by conducting a hunger strike, no difficulties will be placed in her way. It is entirely unnecessary that she should smash any windows, destroy any letters, or deposit bombs promiscuously in unsuitable places. There is no need whatever that she should engage prison accommodations. The most convenient place for a hunger strike is obviously at home, where the sufferer can have every attention. The progress of the experiment and the fortitude of the experimenter can be advertised extensively in the daily papers. The desired amount of notoriety can be secured, and the moral effect of such a decorous and voluntary martyrdom will be exceptional.

If Mrs. Belmont's plans include arson, a similar principle may be applied, and much inconvenience avoided. The militant suffragettes in England burnt down the house of Lady White—an old lady entirely unconnected with the movement, either for or against. This was regarded as a masterpiece of strategy. But if the object in view be merely destruction, and the consequent advertisement, it is surely unnecessary to select the house of an inoffensive and innocent lady when one has an excellent and perfectly suitable house of one's own. The moral effect, as before, would be exceptional, and the discomfort would be confined to the person who planned and desired it. If the immolation of a pet lap-dog will help things along, Mrs. Belmont can find plenty of minute but expensive material for sacrifice among her intimate friends, without troubling strangers.

Militancy on these lines would certainly attract widespread attention, and convince the public that a new era in the social development of women had arrived.

Mrs. Harriot Stanton Blatch

A DAY after Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont's egregious stupidities were given publicity, Mrs. Harriot Stanton Blatch issued her confession of faith. Her letter is spirited without being in the slightest degree spiteful; yet there is much in it that may be regretted, especially the view expressed in the following sentence: "These considerations have no idealism in them, of

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course, but they have the counsel of common-sense and caution." Common-sense cannot be divorced from idealism. The consensus of common-sense implied in the theory of democracy represents the supreme idealism conveyed in the "vox populi, vox Dei" which so profoundly influenced Cardinal Newman. Again, Mrs. Blatch says: "My objection to militancy rests upon the substantial fact that in our time the vote has not been won through violence." Surely something more than mere expediency is implied in the suffragist cause.

But Mrs. Blatch, as usual, has helped forward the cause that she believes in. It is only necessary to quote two more of her statements. "To suggest militancy in the United States is singularly inept." Mrs. Belmont will no doubt read that declaration with pleasure. And finally: "We are living in the twentieth century and not in the eighteenth, and the manner of pushing our political demands must take into account the conditions of our own time." This viewpoint has been expressed consistently and emphatically in THE FORUM: but we go a little further than Mrs. Blatch. The distinction is not between the twentieth century and the eighteenth, or even between 1913 and 1903. A hundred years, ten years, a year—why go back if the world has moved on? Last year may be as dead as the last century. Let the dead years bury their dead methods.

Personal Animosity in Politics

IT will be a source of pleasure to all fair-thinking and fair-fighting men that the Hearst newspapers have thrown aside the pretence of amiability forced upon them by the exigencies of the last campaign, and have begun to attack the President with their customary virulence. Woodrow Wilson has been moving quietly from triumph to triumph: but no man can be settled quite securely in the public esteem without the indorsement of Mr. Hearst's animosity.

The chief ostensible ground of complaint seems to be that the President is an educated man, as well as a man of affairs. This, naturally, is a very serious handicap in the view of those responsible for the policies of the Hearst papers. But the country is a little tired of "plain men" of the Charles F. Murphy

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type. It sends its children to the schools and its young men to the universities; and it sees no reason to condemn anyone merely because he has been foolish enough to develop his intellectual powers by study, broaden his outlook by reflection, and, incidentally, gain practical administrative experience as Governor of his State. It is, of course, a grave disqualification in the opinion of the Hearst papers that the President of the United States should have an exceptional knowledge of the political institutions and the political and social history of his country, a wide range of vision, a balanced judgment, and a stable, resolute character. But the Hearst journals should push their contention to its logical conclusion, and insist upon the closing of all the schools. If it is a disgrace to the country that the President should be an educated man, it is surely undesirable that any of the citizens should be afflicted with an education.

Lord Robert Cecil

In the debate on the Woman Suffrage Bill in the British House of Commons, Lord Robert Cecil, speaking in support of the bill, contended that to vote against it because of militant outrages would be illogical and unworthy of the high standard of intelligence claimed by members of the House.

Lord Robert, of course, is an open and sincere advocate of the movement for the enfranchisement of women. Recently, however, in a newspaper article, he suggested the deportation of the women who have worked so hard to disgrace their cause and their sex. His attitude and action with regard to the bill should convey a lesson to the extremists—if it is now possible to influence them in any way that does not conduce to their craving for notoriety. Lord Robert Cecil refuses to allow his opinion of a just and fine cause to be influenced by the vagaries of a few irresponsible women. *In spite of the crude militancy of the Pankhurst gospel,* he voted according to his convictions.

Could there be any clearer illustration of the futility of the "malignant" programme? Not *because* of militancy, but in spite of it, this son of the Prime Minister who so long divided with Mr. Gladstone the political control of his country, supports a cause which he believes to be rooted indestructibly in

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justice. In the face of flagrant and most regrettable provocation, he still appeals to reason. The militants appeal to bombs —and expect a world which is outgrowing the stupidities of violence to tolerate them, to yield to them, to place them in a position to give still more deplorable effect to their outmoded doctrines.

The Prayers of Christendom

THE appeal of China for the prayers of Christendom, that she may make manifest her regeneration and worthily sustain her new ideals, is an event sufficiently striking to stand out for a little while even in these recent days of crowded incident.

It does not necessarily presage a wholesale conversion of China's myriads to Christianity: but it does open up a rather interesting question, for people with any sense of humor, as to the precise significance of the term Christendom. Do the great Caucasian Powers of the world, with their allegiance divided between Mammon and the Lord God of Hosts, constitute the bulk of Christendom? Their prayers are cast too much in the Krupp mould to be entirely pleasing to the Prince of Peace.

The real Christendom—the Christendom of Christ—is an abstraction that may be placed in the vicinity of Utopia.

The appeal, nevertheless, will bear fruit. China has commenced her task of reorganization in the new spirit. Whatever mistakes she may make, and whatever difficulties she may encounter, she cannot suffer from her attempt to enroll herself in the brotherhood of nations. For though at present no brotherhood of nations exists, the movement to call it into being daily gains strength; and the war-maniacs of "Christendom" may be a little shamed by this voice from the new republic of the Far East, asking for the blessing of God, and the prayers of Humanity, to sustain her on her forward course.

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